

Catholic Digest

REG. U.S.
PAT. OFF.

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CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

Behold I send My Angel who shall go before thee, and
keep thee. His truth shall encompass thee with a shield.
Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror of the night.

From the Office of the fourth Sunday in Lent.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to
draw upon all Catholic magazines and
upon non-Catholic magazines as well,
when they publish catholic articles.
We are sorry the latter cannot be taken
as a general endorsement of every-
thing in the non-Catholic magazines.
It is rather an encouragement to them
to continue using Catholic material.
In this we follow the advice of St. Paul:
For the rest, brethren, all that is true,
all that is seemly, all that is just, all
that is pure, all that is lovable, all
that is winning—whatever is virtuous
or praiseworthy—let such things fill
your thought.



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Valor Is Not Suicide

Let's talk about life

By JOHN K. RYAN

Condensed from *Columbia**

Since Japan's attack upon America the phrase "suicide squad" and variations of it have appeared in news stories. Aviators have been described as dying in suicide dives upon battle-ships. Filipino soldiers are said to have formed suicide squads in their resistance to the Japanese invaders.

Is this use of the term "suicide" justified? Does the dive bomber commit suicide when he directs his plane towards the blazing target and finds himself unable to escape alive? Does the detachment of troops that sacrifices itself, or is sacrificed by superior orders in an endeavor to stop the enemy, commit mass suicide? To answer these questions it is evidently necessary first of all to know what suicide really is.

In the strict and complete meaning of the term, suicide occurs when a man knowingly, deliberately, freely

and designedly brings about the destruction of his own life. The true suicide seeks his own death as the direct end of his action. He wills his own death either as an end in itself or at least as an immediate means by which to gain some further end. History is filled with instances of self-destruction of this sort. Judas, Hannibal, Mark Antony, Cleopatra, Lord Clive, the captain of the ill-fated *Graf Spee*, are among the countless cases of suicide in this strict sense of the term.

Reflection tells us that suicide is wrong. It is an invasion of God's right over our life. From God comes our life. He has given it to us to be used in His service. Our end is to know God, to love Him, and to serve Him in this life, and to be happy with Him forever in the next. The suicide attempts to usurp God's place, and to fix his span of service here below. He

*45 Wall St., New Haven, Conn. February, 1942.

does not seek the opportunity and time to know and love and serve God, but rather seeks nonexistence, annihilation, complete withdrawal from God's love and service. Shakespeare rightly speaks of the Everlasting, fixing "His canon 'gainst self-slaughter."

The act of suicide is contrary to man's nature considered in itself. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. Each of us by nature desires his own personal good. By nature we strive to continue in being and in well-being. Each faculty of mind and body strives for the good of the whole. In suicide, all natural order is subverted and perverted. Man's highest faculties, his intellect and will, are put to the service not of the preservation of life but of its destruction. The intellect devises means of self-slaughter and the will puts them into execution. Bodily organs are put to use to destroy the whole of which they are parts. One cannot conceive a more completely perverse and unnatural act than that of the direct killing of oneself on one's own private authority.

So much is it against man's rational nature considered in itself that almost instinctively we palliate the act of suicide by saying that the victim could not have been in his right mind. "Sure sign of madness, he rages against himself," wrote Seneca in *Hercules Furens* of the hero's wild threats of self-destruction. Yet while we cannot judge the interior state of

mind of the self-destroyer, it cannot be held that every act of suicide is inculpable upon the grounds of insanity. Above all must it be kept clearly in mind that the problem of subjective guilt on the part of the individual is different from the problem of the moral nature of suicide as such.

When there is a question of the morality of acts done under the control of our reason and will, our nature must be considered not only as a self-contained nature but also in relation to our fellow men. Ours is a social nature. We have duties and rights that pertain to the rest of the race as well as to ourselves. In contradiction to these duties and rights, the self-destroyer thinks and acts in the most completely selfish way. He withdraws himself from association with his fellow men in the most complete and effective manner. He refuses to render to them any love and service or to permit them to render any love and service to him. His last act is one of defeat, frustration, despair, weakness, cowardice, hatred. He leaves behind only a legacy of bad example.

Deeds that show themselves to be in harmony with our nature are said to be good; those that are in opposition to it are said to be evil. Thus, to tell the truth, to be just and merciful, to love our neighbor, these deeds accord with our nature and, therefore, are good. On the other hand, it is difficult to conceive a deed that is

more opposed to our rational nature considered in itself, in relation to our fellow men, and in relation to God, its Maker and last End, than is the act of suicide. Suicide, as St. Thomas Aquinas says, is always a mortal sin, because it is against the natural law and against charity. It is against the love that we owe to God, ourselves, and our fellow men.

It cannot be repeated too often and too emphatically that the act of suicide is a terrible crime against nature. It is true that many who directly accomplish their own destruction do so because of some impasse to which they have come. They would wish things different from the dreadful situation to which they have brought themselves or into which they have been driven. The man brooding over his disease and pain, the criminal brought to bay, the man of wealth who faces ruin, the general defeated in war, the dictator toppling from power, all these may well wish that they were not where they are. If things were different, they would not resort to self-destruction as an escape.

Quite different from the person who deliberately slays himself is the one who performs an act from which his own death results not directly but indirectly, not as something willed in and for itself, but as something unavoidable and ordinarily unwanted. A mother dashes into her flaming home and loses her life, although she

saves her children. A policeman is shot down while advancing to arrest a criminal whose savagery he knows. A scientist continues with experiments of great value but of the utmost danger, and in spite of the fact that he foresees that he will suffer death if he persists in his work. A soldier goes out to execute a commission of the highest importance but with inevitable death in store for him.

All of these acts may be brought under what is known as the principle of double effect, or of indirect voluntariness. This principle may be summed up as follows: under certain conditions we may perform an act from which follow two effects, one good, the other evil. These conditions are: 1. the act performed must be one that is good, or at least morally indifferent; 2. although the evil effect is foreseen, it is not willed in and for itself: it is tolerated or permitted, not desired; 3. both good and evil effects must follow coordinately from the original act; that is, the good does not result as an incidental effect from the evil; 4. the good must equal or outweigh the evil effect. This clear-cut principle of Catholic moral teaching can be used in solving extremely difficult and complicated moral problems, and it is constantly being put into practice, although perhaps unconsciously by many, in daily affairs.

The act of suicide clearly violates the principle of double effect. As has

already been shown, the act itself, considered objectively and in the abstract, is morally evil. Secondly, the evil effect, self-destruction, is not merely permitted as something unavoidable and unwilled; it is the direct object of the agent's will. Thirdly, there is no proportion between the good that is intended—escape from responsibility, exposure, punishment, and the like—and the evil that is deliberately produced. Finally, these goods, even if they are granted to be genuine goods, can come into being only after and by means of the evil effect. The criminal escapes punishment only because he has destroyed his own life.

The act of the misnamed "suicide squad," when considered in the light of the principle of double effect, has an ethical character completely different from that of genuine suicide. It is evident that the members of a garrison determined to defend themselves to the death against the enemy are not seeking their own death as the end of their act. They wish to stave off death as long as possible. The good that they accomplish, such as inflicting damage upon the enemy, gaining time for their comrades to retreat, for lines to be consolidated, for new positions to be taken—all these are gained not as a result of their death but in spite of it.

It is their life and the acts that they perform as living men that produce the good effects. These good effects

do not result from the evil consequence of their stand: their own final loss of life. It is, of course, a matter of common prudence for a commander ordering such a desperate stand to weigh the costs. The lives and equipment of men in warfare are not to be thrown away needlessly. But if the good to be gained by the inevitable loss of certain troops in warfare is thought to balance or to outweigh the loss, then commander and troops may deliberately incur these evil consequences. They are permitted and tolerated as an unavoidable and only indirectly willed result of an attempt to achieve a greater good.

The aviator fighting against a battleship is undoubtedly engaged in action of extreme danger. He must take great risks, both to his plane and himself, if he is to gain the good that is his end. Here again it is evident that the requirements of the principle of double effect may be fulfilled. The pilot who dives down at a battleship, releases his load of bombs, and attempts to return safely to his base, may be presumed to have as the direct object of his will not his own destruction but the destruction of the enemy. Even if he is killed in action, the good that is accomplished, or sought after, comes not as a result of his death, but as a result of his last action as a living man. So, too, the good that is sought after, the destruction of the enemy, has already been judged to be

something greater than the loss of the pilot and his plane.

It is just as reprehensible for men to commit suicide when at war as when at peace, perhaps more so because of the military man's special status and duties. But the good soldier does not commit suicide when he sells his life dearly, or when he undertakes a task of such danger that death results. In general, it may be said that most of the acts performed in the course of military duties may be shown to be justifiable under the principle of double effect.

The case of the most distinguished hero that the present conflict has thus far produced, the late Capt. Colin P. Kelly, Jr., may be considered as an illustration of what is sometimes reported and of what actually takes place. According to the Dec. 22, 1941, issue of *Life*, Captain Kelly "dove his plane straight at the Japanese battleship *Haruna*, released a stick of high explosives almost into the mouths of flaming guns, and then vanished himself in the mighty explosion that ushered the 29,000-ton ship to the bottom of the sea." Such an act would have been heroic and entirely justifiable. Battleships with blazing guns must be destroyed if battles are to be won, and the flyer who brings about their destruction, even if he himself is lost as a further consequence of his act, is the hero of a great event in war.

What actually took place, as de-

scribed in General MacArthur's citation in the posthumous award of the Distinguished Service Cross to Captain Kelly, was something finer still: "While his airplane was a focal point of fire from strong hostile naval forces, Captain Kelly exhibited a high degree of valor and skill, placing three direct hits upon an enemy battleship, resulting in its destruction. En route to his home air field upon the completion of his mission, his airplane was set on fire by an attack of two enemy fighters. This officer ordered his crew to bail out. Six men saved themselves thereby, but Captain Kelly, last to leave the burning plane, was killed in the resulting crash."

Not only does this misuse of the term "suicide" in connection with brave and justifiable sacrifice of life in war detract from the honor due to the dead; it has another unfortunate result. This misnaming and misrepresentation of the hero's death implants in the confused mind of the unthinking the idea that suicide is sometimes justifiable and that it can become an act of virtuous courage.

What is needed here, as always when moral problems are under consideration, is a clear use of terms and a firm grasp of basic principles. Suicide is to be recognized for what it is, an evil deed. The death of the hero is to be recognized for what it is, an act done in the line of duty and in the service of his fellow men.

Margaret

By ADRIAN ANDERSON

Signed with the cross

Condensed from the *Christian Family and Our Missions**

In a little public square in picturesque New Orleans stands the first statue ever erected to the honor of a woman in the U.S. It represents a stout, plainly dressed Irishwoman of gentle mien, seated in a rustic chair, a generous, loving arm protectingly about a little child. This tribute in stone represents the gifts of the pennies, nickels and dimes of the countless thousands this woman knew and loved the best, the children of New Orleans. Its pedestal bears the one simple name by which she is best known, Margaret.

Margaret Haughey, an unlettered, childless widow, was able, by the exercise of Christlike charity and perseverance, to feed and clothe unnumbered thousands of orphans and become the patron saint of a great city.

Margaret herself became an orphan when her parents succumbed in a yellow-fever epidemic which swept Baltimore, her birthplace. A kindhearted friend of her parents, a Mrs. Richards, cared for her until she became the bride of Charles Haughey, a poor but ambitious native of Ireland.

Just when the couple began to prosper, and to realize the joys of rearing their baby daughter, Charles' health began to fail. Believing that a warm-

er climate might bring recovery, they moved to New Orleans. Haughey's health continued to decline. Sea air was finally advised by the doctors, so the young husband bade his wife and child good-by and sailed for Ireland, where he died shortly after. Then came to Margaret Haughey a second great sorrow: her child died, and she was left penniless and alone. She wept a little while, then dried her tears and went to work in a laundry.

As she labored before her open window she saw the motherless little children from a near-by orphanage, as they went about their work and play; and the love she had once lavished on her own child went out to them. She visited the orphanage and arranged to give a portion of her wages to provide for the children, and to spend all her spare time ministering to their needs.

Again Margaret Haughey felt she had something to live for. She washed clothes, scrubbed floors, and fetched and carried for her young charges, then went out into the city to beg bread with which to feed them. In the market place she soon became a familiar and much respected individual, and her cheerful smile and winning ways, not unmixed with a

*365 Ridge Blvd., Evanston, Ill. January, 1942.

generous seasoning of Irish blarney, gained much food for her beloved orphans.

One day a merchant laughingly remarked that he would give her all the food she could haul away in a wheelbarrow, little believing she would accept his offer. When she appeared later with the largest wheelbarrow she could find, he gallantly offered to push it for her, but she refused his help. Possibly when she regarded her own large and exceedingly strong physique she decided she could push a heavier load than he.

Soon Margaret left the laundry and came to live in the orphanage in order to give all her time to the care of the children. Out of her meager savings she purchased two cows and set up a public dairy. She drove a little milk cart about the city and sold all the milk herself. Every morning the cart went forth laden with milk; every evening it returned filled with food she had begged for her little charges.

After a while the city was visited by a great epidemic, and so many mothers and fathers died, there were more orphans than the local institutions could care for. Margaret decided to build a new orphanage, and for this enterprise enlisted the aid of her dearest friend, Sister Regis. These two noble women collected sufficient funds to construct the necessary building; but many more years of begging

were required before the enterprise was fully free of debt.

In 1860 Margaret added the operation of a bakery to her manifold endeavors. The owner, who had borrowed heavily from the old Irish woman, was about to fail, and Margaret was obliged to take over the business to protect both her investment and his. Soon she was driving not only a milk cart but a bread cart as well.

As time went on she enlarged her dairy and her bakery, and became quite prosperous; but she refused to wear silks or satins, or even a pretty hat. Her plain skirt and loose sacque became known and loved throughout the city.

With the growth of her fortune came a corresponding growth in her charities. Freely she gave to the children of all races and all religions, saying simply, "They are all orphans." Her money paid for no fewer than three large orphanages.

When the Civil War came, she went out and fed the needy soldiers. Always simple and forthright in her charities, she would brook no interference. One day she came to the military prison with huge trays of bread borne by two giant Negroes. A sentry tried to block her way. The robust woman said not a word, but simply picked up the sentry, set him aside, and calmly proceeded on her way.

When the mighty Mississippi river experienced one of its periodical overflows, Margaret would board a flatboat propelled by Negroes and go about the submerged districts bestowing food, clothes and medical aid upon the destitute.

When Margaret came to her last illness she was attended by many of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of New Orleans. Ladies in silk and satin ministered to her every

want, and when she died on Feb. 9, 1882, she was universally mourned. A vast procession bore her to her grave.

Although Margaret Haughery had earned and contributed \$600,000 to the orphans and other poor and needy individuals of her city, she nevertheless left a large fortune for their further benefit. All this was provided for in a will signed with a cross. She had never learned to read or write!



Lesson

A French biologist was returning one day by train to his institute in Paris. A young man who had just completed his biological studies boarded the same train and took the seat opposite the unassuming scientist, of whose identity he was ignorant. The young man decided to chat with the dignified gentleman opposite him.

"If you please, sir," he began, "I have just completed my university studies. I have specialized in biology." A pause. "You see," continued the young man, "biology is the one science that has proved conclusively that life is independent of God."

"Hm; is that what your professor taught you?" asked the old gentleman.

"Of course. In fact, he, like other biologists, long ago came to the conclusion that God is unnecessary."

"Well! It is most unfortunate that your biology in its study of life finds God unnecessary. I have always been convinced that the more one searches into the mystery of life the more one is forced to admit that only a Creator could have been responsible for its complicated marvels."

"But you have only to read any popular book on biology to discover your mistake."

At this point of the conversation the train stopped and the old gentleman prepared to get off.

"Please understand that I would not like to weaken your faith, but with your permission I shall gladly send you a book on biology."

"Thank you. My address is the Institute. My name is Louis Pasteur."

The Catholic (Oct. '41).

Religion in Education

How paganism has made hay

By NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

Condensed from an address*

This generation is beginning to forget the place which religious instruction must occupy in education if that education is to be truly sound and liberal. We seem to forget that until some 200 years ago religious instruction everywhere dominated education; religion guided education, shaped education and selected the material for education in every part of the world: in the Orient, Europe and the Americas. Then began, as a result of the rise of Protestantism and the spread of democracy, those sharp differences of religious opinion and of religious worship which unfortunately exhibited themselves in highly controversial form. One consequence was to lead men to turn aside from religious study and religious teaching in the attempt to avoid those contentious differences which had become so common. Then, particularly in this democracy of ours, a curious tendency grew up to exclude religious teaching altogether from education on the ground that such teaching was in conflict with our fundamental doctrine as to the separation of Church and state. In other words, religious teaching was narrowed down to something which might be called denomination-ism, and therefore because of dif-

ferences of faith and practice it must be excluded from education. The result was to give paganism new importance and new influence.

In my own school days the morning exercises in the public schools of my home town in New Jersey opened with the Lord's Prayer repeated by the entire company of pupils and the reading of a chapter of the Bible. There was then sung a hymn from the school hymn book, after which the children went to their several classrooms. That was brought to an end by the decision of the Wisconsin supreme court written in 1890, holding that this practice was unconstitutional because it permitted an intermingling of Church and state in public schools supported by taxation. In handing down that opinion the court took pains to emphasize the importance of religious instruction, and pointed out that it was the duty of the family and the Church to give it. It is because the family and the Church have not risen to their responsibilities during this past half century that religious instruction has so largely passed out of education and that religious knowledge is so largely lacking among the youth of yesterday and today.

*Nov. 28, 1940, at the rededication of Earl Hall, Columbia University, New York City.

It must be remembered that our country is a religious country. Every day when the Senate of the U.S. meets, every day when the House of Representatives convenes, the business of the day is opened with a prayer offered by the chaplain. This chaplain is a Christian minister. The same is true of both houses of the legislature of the state of New York and of many other state legislatures. In other words, separation of Church and state does not mean that we are a pagan people.

The New York legislature has only now passed a statute restoring the American system in the state by providing that at a certain time each week all pupils in a public school shall be dismissed to receive such religious instruction as their parents may prefer from teachers of that religious faith which their parents choose. This statute realizes that the U.S. is not pagan but religious, and must have freedom of religious teaching and of religious faith. This particular system was first introduced in France when, after the political and social revolution which followed the war of 1870-71, the French Parliament in 1882 overturned the school system as then organized. In its new legislation it provided that the public-school pupils should be dismissed on each Thursday and allowed to go to the church or religious institution or the teacher which their parents might select, for

religious instruction. Of course, if their parents preferred paganism, that day would be for their children a holiday.

It is just a little more than 40 years ago that I presented my views on this subject before the Sunday School Commission of the diocese of New York, my subject being "Religious Instruction and Its Relation to Education." For the first time in years, I looked over that address today, in my volume, *The Meaning of Education*. I do not find one single word in the argument which I then advanced that I would change today. Conditions as they then presented themselves have become even more serious, and the solution of the problem which I offered at that time is to me even more obvious today. The fundamental thing to remember is that education is the joint product of the influence of the family, the Church and the school. The school has but a very limited and a very definite function to perform. The family and the Church have very considerable functions to perform which, unhappily, they are increasingly neglecting. Until the family and the Church can be roused to the full height of their responsibility, we cannot expect to find the youth of the land in possession of that religious knowledge and religious feeling which were characteristic of their ancestors two or three generations ago.

There is also a very curious lack in our course of college study, of which I have spoken during past years. I have never known a course of instruction to be offered to undergraduates on "The Influence of Faith in Shaping Western Civilization." All our instruction is based on the influence of knowledge: literature, science, the arts, politics. As a matter of fact, knowledge as opposed to faith had practically no influence in shaping western civilization until 400 or 500 years ago.

For some 3,000 years civilization was shaped by faith in one of its many forms: Hindu, Brahmin, Hebrew, Christian or Mohammedan. It was that faith which guided men in their ambitions and in their social and political policies. It is only 300 or 400 years since knowledge began to dis-

place faith as a controlling influence, and we are mistaken when we look at past history if we put the emphasis upon knowledge from the beginning of recorded time. This would be a very inspiring course of instruction were it to be given by some scholar well schooled in the history of religious faith, familiar with the various religions, and with some insight into the personalities which were guiding forces from century to century in Europe's civilization. The youth of tomorrow would then begin to realize that the foundations of all that we are now doing were not originally laid by knowledge at all, but by some form of that faith to which all knowledge was subordinate until the beginning of the intellectual revolution which coincided with the beginning of our modern scientific era.



Fishist

In Rome, there has been a story going the rounds which runs as follows: A man fishing in the Tiber caught a very small minnow. To the minnow, which he lifted from his line and took in his hand, he apostrophized, "O little fish, what can I do with thee? I cannot fry thee; I have no olive oil. I cannot roast thee; I have no butter. I cannot bake thee; I have no flour. Indeed, I cannot cook thee at all, since I have no fuel for my hearthstone. There remains naught I can do with thee but toss thee back into the Tiber." This he did. A moment later the minnow rose to the surface, lifted his fin in the familiar salute, and cried, "*Viva Il Duce!*" This fish was the last fascist.

Time (17 Jan. '42).

Good Morning, Madam

By JULIETTA K. ARTHUR

Housewives' housewife

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger**

Good morning, all housewives! Have you been buying any kohlrabi? This little white root, hybrid offspring of the cabbage and turnip, is a low-priced source of minerals today. . . ."

"Good morning, housewives! Very young and tender kale, cheap and delightfully satisfying in our vegetable markets this week, is one of our most efficient protective foods. Pick out leaves of a dark, rich color. A better quality of corn is here now, too, and its short season makes me urge you to enjoy and use it while you can."

New Yorkers hearing Frances Foley Gannon, the country's superhousewife, transmit this kind of food news by radio every morning, are translating their opposition to rising food prices into kitchen economy, even with European wars reaching right into the American market basket.

For seven years, convent-bred Frances Gannon, director of New York's Bureau of Consumer Service, has been broadcasting an expert roundup of the biggest market in the world. Every weekday Mrs. Gannon, warm-hearted housewife and mother of five, is helping millions of other mothers plan their meals—cheaply and well. From Monday to Friday over the radio, through newspapers, and in

cooking classes, Mrs. Gannon tells housewives what is plentiful and what is new; she gives them nutritional hints and out-of-the-ordinary ways to plan menus to get the most for their money; on occasion, she even tells them what to stop buying if she thinks they're being overcharged.

Now the U. S. Department of Agriculture, intent on building a nation of citizens who will not only make guns but develop the health and physical fitness to man them, is pointing to New York's consumer market news service as a model for the rest of the country to follow.

And yet its founder smiles, "I don't believe the politicians even know me!" Though her guess is characteristically modest, it is more than half-way right. When Mayor La Guardia was looking around for someone to head his newly organized Consumer Service division of the City Department of Markets, politicians and greedy office seekers howled verbally and through the press when he chose a woman whose only qualification (so they said) was that she had been active in Catholic charities.

That innate modesty was a valuable asset when Frances Gannon took hold of an office, created, the mayor

*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, Ohio. February, 1942.

told her, "to tell women what kind of food is in our markets every day in the year, what they ought to buy and how to cook it—and why!"

Few people have assumed an official post with so many potential enemies. Her staff of Department of Markets Inspectors left over from the last regime of Tammany Hall appointees, the wholesalers, retailers, home economists, and the general public, all sniffed suspiciously at this unknown appointee. She had never held a single public office; her only claim to their attention was her position as the widow of a well-beloved supreme court justice and sister of Father Gannon, S.J., the president of Fordham University.

But when Frances Gannon began trudging around to wholesalers and retailers, meat distributors, fish dealers, nutritionists, and to the humblest members of her own staff, asking advice and help, her unassuming ways and willingness to learn utterly disarmed her critics.

Today, in a city periodically rocked by political storms, the director of New York's Bureau of Consumer Service stands out as the "star commissioner" who has a sublime disregard of all political matters. Her staff numbers Jews, Protestants and Catholics, and all of them count it a privilege to work for her; many of them antedate her in the department, and a good number of them are older in

years. Two of her staff have for seven winters braved blizzards and ice to scout the markets at two o'clock every morning. Not once has either man complained, or asked for a change of assignment.

The activities of her bureau have grown to include radio talks, dissemination of food news to newspapers, and compilation of menus. Distributed to millions over the country at 3c each, bureau publications include such enticing recipe booklets as *Fifty Ways to Prepare Cheaper Cuts of Meat*, *100 Ways to Prepare Fish*, *185 Ways to Prepare Meat Sundries*, and budget-saving *Ways to Prepare Left-over Vegetables*.

Mrs. Gannon presides over six weekly classes, each of which draws more than 500 women. Her students watch attentively while an entire dinner is cooked in an hour, and not only receive suggestions for hearty and inexpensive meals, but also learn how to take advantage of peak markets at a time when farmers and distributors are anxious to unload food before it spoils or goes to waste.

At two o'clock in the morning of every market day except Saturday, the two "consumers' reporters" scout the wholesale area for incoming fruits and vegetables. Down in that Washington market area, streets are crowded; though it is the middle of the night, the business day has begun. Rumbling trucks and shouting men

rush by. Hard, white lights shine in the windows.

For several hours the market inspectors hurry from one wholesale market to another. Trained observers, they quickly spot the arrival of perishable foods from the time they are rolled into place on trucks or are ferried across the Hudson river until they are on sale along the line of produce dealers. Sidewalks are piled high with fruit and vegetables. Feathery green celery, red-gold patterns of carefully arranged carrots, pale-green pyramids of quinces mingle with purple-and-white cabbages and pomegranates and prickly pears. If it is autumn, grapes perfume the air.

By dawn the market scouts know accurately the state of the wholesale centers. By six o'clock they are certain what will be found in retail stores that same morning. Now they are ready to rush their news to Mrs. Gannon, waiting at WNYC, the municipal radio station. They type out their reports quickly in market jargon which two hours later she will translate into radio script.

Meanwhile, other reports are coming in from telephone experts whose notes on supplies of meats, butter and eggs Mrs. Gannon is jotting down. Along about 6 A. M., a last-minute flash comes from the Fulton fish market, certainly the most picturesque and probably the most famous in the world.

By 8:25 all this news, simply a mass of statistics to the untrained eye, has been assembled and made into a simple script. The director of the Bureau of Consumer Service goes on the air and in crisp, concise statements tells the New York housewife how she ought to plan her meals that day. The broadcast itself lasts only five minutes, but the condensed, expert advice given consumers has taken six hours to assemble and analyze.

In the beginning Mrs. Gannon's broadcasts were heard over nine radio stations on a national network. Then literally millions of commendatory letters poured in. The audience built up for market news became so valuable that the time was sold to commercial sponsors who now hire "professional newscasters" to boost their products and incorporate the same market news, most of it still gathered from the New York City Consumer Service.

But Frances Gannon doesn't care. "Our business is to serve the public," she remarks crisply. And serve it she does. A year or so ago, New Yorkers found that though eggs were plentiful at Eastertime, retailers and corner grocers began to raise prices. Mrs. Gannon went on the air and in vigorous tones promptly informed housewives, "Eggs are cheap and plentiful; refuse to pay such prices!" The subsequent boycott by consumers brought eggs down 10c a dozen in a week.

When war started in Europe in September, 1939, panicky housewives loaded up with sugar; and grocers, taking advantage of the alarm, skyrocketed prices. Promptly Mrs. Gannon's bureau got into action.

"Housewives," came her calm voice over the air waves, "there is enough sugar in this country to last for years. There is no need to stock up, or to pay more than usual." In a couple of weeks sugar prices all over the country settled back to normal. Housewives reporting offending grocers kept three city-market telephones busy for nearly ten days!

Then retailers and jobbers were called in to explain why they suddenly had asked buyers to pay more for a commodity that was abundant. Today committees are set up, and ready to go into instant action to stop any other attempts at profiteering.

Alert communities like Cincinnati, Boston, Kansas City, Cleveland and the Twin Cities have started consumer market news services along similar lines. Your town, regardless of size,

may be the next. Already "fish news" is coming through approximately 100 radio stations by way of Chicago, Jacksonville, New Orleans and Seattle. Every day Mrs. Gannon answers hundreds of letters from individuals asking for help in planning to meet the needs of their own communities. Recently the government's Consumers' Counsel division in Washington sent one of its field workers to observe Mrs. Gannon's methods. "Looking at what she has done in the largest and most complex market in the world makes organizing the rest of the country child's play!" the worker reported.

When she went to work, Frances Gannon said, "I didn't even know whether I should wear my hat in the office." Today the 13 men under her have yet to hear her first order. Her method is to walk out of her cheery, green-painted office, with its always open door, and say, "Are you all busy? I have an idea and should like to know whether you think it will work." Mrs. Gannon sees that it does.



Nimble

The Catholic Evidence speaker was in a serious discussion with the crowd on heaven.

"Look here," wisecracked the heckler, "I think that's just propaganda. What worries me is how I'm going to get my shirt on over my wings."

"Don't let that worry you, my friend," the speaker said, "your particular trouble will be getting trousers on over your tail."

Notre Dame Religious Bulletin (21 Jan. '42).

George Washington Carver

By NORBERT L. SCHULER

Apostle of the overlooked

Condensed from the *Christian Family and Our Missions**

In the field of agricultural chemistry the genius of the distinguished Negro scientist, Dr. George W. Carver, has wrought wonders. From the humblest products of southern soil, he has produced hundreds of articles. Peanuts, sweet potatoes, pecans, cotton stalks, fibrous grasses, even the common clay in which the South abounds—all have experienced his transforming touch, assumed new shapes, taken on new uses, acquired new commercial possibilities.

His laboratory presents, in truth, a revelation. There one may inspect face powders, dyes, wood stains, and permanent paints of various colors which he has extracted from common clay. These very clays, according to Dr. Carver, should be widely used by the South in the manufacture of pottery.

However, it is with the sweet potato and the peanut that Dr. Carver has achieved his greatest triumphs. He realizes perhaps as no one else can the great opportunities for southern industry to be found in the creation of a market for the manifold products to be obtained from the common sweet potato and the lowly peanut.

In the row of bottles and jars which form the sweet-potato exhibit are

over 100 products. Chief among them are flour, breakfast foods, livestock foods, starch tapioca, dyes for silks and for cotton, vinegar, mucilage and ink. It was his sweet-potato flour which saved Tuskegee Institute 200 pounds of wheat daily during the first World War. This attracted the attention of the U.S. government; Dr. Carver was summoned to Washington. After displaying his sweet-potato exhibit and attending a conference with the experts, he was referred to by David Fairchild Houston as "one of the most remarkable and extraordinary minds" he had ever met.

In Dr. Carver's laboratory, one encounters an astounding variety of products. There are milk, cream, butter and cheese with the appearance and taste of the real dairy products, all derived from the peanut; cocoa, chocolate bars, caramels, pickles, face lotions and liniments compounded from the prolific peanut. But we have by no means arrived at the end of the list. Mention must be made of synthetic rubber, various kinds of wood stain and dyes for clothes, axle grease and linoleum, lard and flour, breakfast foods and stock foods, soap and face powder—all derived from peanuts.

*365 Ridge Blvd., Evanston, Ill. January, 1942.

It may be quite a feat to render useful articles a hundredfold more useful; yet it is no less admirable to transform what is apparently useless waste into useful commodities. For example, Dr. Carver has produced from wood shavings a synthetic marble, substantial and waterproof, capable of manufacture on a large scale; various kinds of insulating board from cotton stalks, peanut hulls, vines and soapstone; paper from a wild, rank weed, the *sida spinosa*; artificial wood in various colors from the huge roots of the Florida palm. Some of these articles perhaps will remain mere curiosities, but a great many possess actual commercial value.

When, more than two score years ago, Dr. Carver, at the invitation of Booker T. Washington, abandoned his comfortable post as professor at Iowa State Agricultural College to take charge of agricultural chemistry at Tuskegee, he entered upon his life-work. It was not long before he fully realized the pitiable plight of the southern farmer. Too long had the southern rural population placed all their hopes in King Cotton. Dr. Carver at once took upon himself the task of convincing the poor farmers of both races that other crops would procure a steady income, would prove even far more profitable in sections unsuited for cotton raising. From his pen flowed a steady stream of pamphlets, booklets, and bulletins explain-

ing methods of soil improvement and setting forth the advantage of raising such crops as peanuts and sweet potatoes. In addition, he gave numerous lectures.

A new impetus was given to the cultivation of peanuts, until today it is a flourishing industry. The threat of overproduction, which accompanied extensive cultivation, put Dr. Carver's ingenuity to the test. He set himself to work to find new uses for the article in question, to create thereby new demand, to open new markets. As a result, there appeared the many synthetic products enumerated.

Professor Carver has proved himself an invaluable benefactor of the South. Through his discoveries, new avenues of hope have been thrown open to despondent, indifferent, poverty-stricken cotton growers. However, the widespread evil of tenant farming robs men of initiative and aggressiveness. The tenant farmer takes no pride in his work, for he does not own the land he tills. He has no incentive to improve; he merely lives a life of drudgery from one day to another, while the ambitious leave the South to seek the opportunities offered by the industrial North. It is time for the South to develop its own industries on a much larger scale; to convert its great variety of native products into useful commodities. Dr. Carver has demonstrated that it can be done; it remains for the

South to make use of its opportunity.

Everyone who meets Dr. Carver is immediately impressed by his humility and kindness, and the depth of his scientific learning. His engaging personality and interesting manner of presenting his material holds the attention of his hearers. When the House Ways and Means Committee was contemplating a tariff on imported peanuts, a number of speakers were consulted. Among them was Tuskegee's noted agricultural chemist. Each speaker was allowed 10 minutes. Dr. Carver completed his carefully worded discourse within the appointed time, but as he collected his data and prepared to leave, the committeemen urged him to continue. He spoke for an hour and three quarters, and the tariff was adopted.

Each morning finds Dr. Carver up and about at four o'clock. The early hours give him the opportunity to wander thoughtfully through the fields and to carry on his experiments. During the greater portion of the day, between his duties, he is ever ready to take visitors through his laboratory and describe his exhibits. He must take care of a huge correspondence: scientists, agricultural experts, businessmen, industrialists from all parts of the world seek information and advice from Tuskegee's distinguished chemist. In the evenings, he likes to retire to the solitude of his quarters, two rooms in one of the

dormitories. Alone in his den, surrounded by scientific books, rare plants, his own paintings, he plans his experimental work. Generally he goes to bed early.

If Dr. Carver merits admiration and applause for the marvelous transformations which he has wrought in the lowly products of the soil, the transformation which he has wrought in his own life and person is all the more praiseworthy.

When a slave boy was born on the plantation of Moses Carver in Missouri about 1864, no one ever dreamed that this fragile child would become a scientist of distinction. Towards the end of the Civil War, raiders carried him and his mother away. However, Moses was ransomed for a horse and returned to the plantation; but his mother could not be found. Since he was weak and sickly as a child, his master, whose name he assumed (since this was customary among the slaves), employed him in the performance of household tasks. In these he acquired an unusual proficiency, especially in cooking and sewing. During his free time, he roamed through forests and fields, familiarizing himself with animals, insects, plants and flowers. He even learned to draw his favorite plants and flowers with striking accuracy.

Fortunately for him, the Carver family did nothing to hinder the young scientist's quest for an educa-

tion. So, when he was about ten years old, off he went to a school eight miles away. By doing odd jobs, he managed to pay for his schooling, and stave off utter destitution. He worked in greenhouses, cooked in a hotel, ran a laundry. At one time, his talent for music, recognized by sympathetic friends, won him the position of church organist.

Completing high school, he sought admission to a college in Iowa. His hopes, mounting high when he was accepted, were soon shattered: he was rejected because he was a Negro. Undaunted, he worked on, saving his money for another chance. Simpson College, Iowa, finally admitted him. Later he entered Iowa State Agricultural College, secured his master's degree in chemistry, and was appointed to the faculty.

Dr. Carver has done much to break down the barrier of prejudice which blocks the progress of his people. His work has prompted the growth of a new spirit of tolerance towards the

Negro in southern scientific circles. Admiration for his work not only gives the young Negro scientist an incentive to accomplish better and greater things, but also instills into those who would otherwise oppose the young Negro the willingness to work shoulder to shoulder with him.

To carry on his labors, the aged scientist has made it a practice to seek enlightenment and inspiration through prayer. He has always possessed a deep sense of duty towards his Creator, his people, and the South. Many offers have come to him from large corporations, desirous of using his invaluable research work. Even \$10,000 a year could not lure him from his post at Tuskegee. Thomas Alva Edison asked him to fix his own salary and come to Menlo Park. But Dr. Carver would not abandon Tuskegee. He is content with his modest salary, which he uses to assist needy students and to carry on his experiments. Neither renown nor wealth can disturb his devotion to his work.



Fact

About 70 years ago the Catholic faith was brought to Uganda, a section of Africa. Today this land has more than 100,000 Catholics, ministered to by 38 native priests, under Uganda's first native bishop. Thirteen thousand children are receiving their education from Negro Sisters. In this comparatively short time Uganda has more Negro Catholics than the U. S.

The Holy Ghost Messenger (Dec. '41).

Soldier Without Arms

By KAY HARGRAVE DOWST

Flower in the ruins

Condensed from the *Catholic Mirror**

An American soldier closed his eyes wearily. For days he had followed the crazy pattern of the cracked ceiling over his cot in a shell-torn French hospital.

The first days of his illness hadn't been so bad; fantastic dreams had filled the hours, mercifully blotting out pain and memories. But now the dreams were gone and there was left only cruel reality and the tormenting cracks in the plaster.

Busy French doctors had tried to convince him that he would live. But he shut his mind stubbornly, shaking his head in dumb denial of the words. It was easier that way, easier than trying to explain how worthless the gift of life was to a man destined to accept it with a piece of shrapnel in his lung and a silver plate over his brain.

He opened his eyes again as a little French nurse scurried by. When she smiled at him, all the signs of exhaustion were washed from her face. In her crumpled uniform she was a strange mixture of puzzled childhood and serene maturity, so tiny, so busy, so tired. But her eyes, shocked by the horrors of war, troubled by the suffering she could not ease—those steady, candid eyes could still be very gentle.

He turned his head away fretfully,

ashamed of the bitter hatred she must have read in his glance. Fumbling for a cigarette, he checked his action at the wordless pleading in the expression of the man in the next cot. For an instant his own misery was forgotten in a swift rush of sympathy. He had heard the nurses whispering among themselves, and he remembered that this man was a German. Still he could feel no hostility toward the battered soldier in the next bed. The flat surface of the lower end of the cot was reason enough for pity.

"Cigarette?" he mumbled in English. The wounded German shrank back on his pillow in horror. The American extended the crushed package.

"Have one," he continued in French. A twisted smile contorted scarred features as the German shook his head. He answered the gesture simply with one of his own. Slowly he held up the two bandaged stumps that must serve him for arms.

The American flushed. Conversation between them was impossible since neither could understand the language of the other. But the American lit countless cigarettes and held them to the lips of his legless and armless comrade.

*P. O. Box 1570, Springfield, Mass. January, 1942.

Months dragged slowly by, and the rumbling of cannons faded and was lost as the scene of the battle shifted. They were painful days and long empty nights but the hurt was easier now that it was shared.

When the American was strong enough to leave the hospital, he leaned over the German's bed to hold a cigarette for the helpless man and say good-by to a friend. A nurse stood at the bedside as the two men parted.

"He wants me to give you this," she told the American, handing him a grimy package. Tears stood in the German's eyes but he managed a twisted smile.

"Friend," he murmured, with evident pride at his mastery of the simple English word. "Friend," echoed the American, and turned away quickly.

It wasn't until he was on a transport, bound for the U.S., that he could bring himself to open the gift the German had given him. When he did, he sat in his cabin all day, holding a jagged piece of tapestry in his hands.

Several years later I held the tapestry and felt the same wonder that touched the soldier as he studied the gift of his friend. A glass frame protected the delicate work, the jagged edges had been carefully replaced; otherwise it was exactly the same as when the American first saw it.

I turned the tapestry toward the window. Less than ten inches long,

the tiny tableau slowly came to life before my eyes. The walls of the room around me faded; I found myself in an ancient cathedral. A novice stands before a magnificent altar, her young eyes filled with wonder, and the small fingers of her firm, peasant's hands clasped in worship. At her side the Mother Superior looks on with calm and splendid dignity.

The eyes of the novice are soft with the compassion of eternal motherhood as she looks down at the olive branch held in old and withered hands. Exquisite lace lightens the severity of her habit and a ray of soft sunlight through the clerestory picks out the rosary beads at her belt. Even the open prayer book shows the words printed on its fingered pages. There was a warmth of life and reality in the scene, so delicately shaded that even the yellowing of age did not seem to change it.

My friend, the owner of the tapestry, tipped the frame slightly and a single pink blossom appeared on the olive branch and a shadow fell kindly on the face of the young girl. I realized then that the half hidden blossom was the only bit of color in the entire scene.

I was told that the robes worn by the Sisters were those of an Order founded in Belgium several centuries ago. This was apparently the only remaining clue to the history behind the masterpiece. My friend believed

that it might have been part of a much larger scene, possibly recovered from the ruins of an old cathedral. Perhaps some German officer had rescued it from the profane hands of a marauder, or he may have stumbled on the treasure himself, recognizing truth and beauty buried in the wreckage wrought by brutality.

Even with the aid of a powerful reading glass, it is impossible to follow the intricate course of the needle. It is hard to realize that human fin-

gers could ever design such lasting beauty, or that human patience could endure at such a demanding task.

This marvelous bit of tapestry reposes now in the safety of a proud new land, America; it exists as a monument to those devoted Belgian women who consecrate their lives to the service of God and the perpetuation of truth, their only earthly reward being the appreciation of those who have learned to find friendship in hostility, peace in despair.



Scholastica Triumphant

By ST. GREGORY THE GREAT

Condensed from a pamphlet*

. . . these three: but the greatest is charity

Scholastica, the sister of St. Benedict, who had been dedicated to the service of God from her childhood, was accustomed to visit him once a year, and the man of God used to meet her at a place in the monastery territory not far beyond the gate. She came one day as usual, and her venerable brother, taking some monks with him, went down to see her. They spent the whole day in the praise of God and devout conversation, and towards evening took food together. While they were still sitting

at table and the hour grew late amid their spiritual converse, Scholastica said to Benedict, "Leave me not this night, my brother, so that we may talk till morning of the joys of the heavenly life." "Nay, sister," answered Benedict, "ask not that of me, for I may not remain out of the monastery." Now the sky was then so clear that no cloud could be seen. When the holy nun heard her brother's refusal, she joined her hands and putting them on the table bowed her head upon them and prayed to al-

*Second Book of Dialogues. Tr. by Dom Justin McCann, Princethorpe Priory, Rugby, England. 60 pp. 25c.

mighty God. Then she raised her head again, and at once there broke out such a storm of lightning, thunder and rain, that neither the venerable Benedict nor his monks could stir a foot from the place in which they were. The holy nun, bowing her head on her hands, had rained tears on the table, and by means of these had brought rain from the cloudless sky. Nor was the storm long in following her prayer, for her prayer and the deluge coincided; that is to say, at the very moment when she was raising her head the thunder rolled and the rain began to fall. Then the man of God, amid the flashes of lightning, pealing thunder and torrents of rain, seeing that return to his monastery was impossible, complained sorrowfully to his sister, "May

almighty God forgive thee, my sister. What is this thing thou hast done?" But Benedict, being unable to leave the house, having refused to stay willingly, remained now against his will. And so they spent the whole night in vigil and comforted each other with holy converse of spiritual things.

So you see, as I said, there was something that he wanted and could not get. For there is no question that he wanted the fine weather, in which he had set out, to last; but his desire was thwarted by a woman's love and the power of almighty God. Nor should we marvel that the woman desiring to see much of her brother, should then have had more power than he. For John says, "God is love"; and it was right that she should prevail who had the greater love.



Not long ago a Chinese general spent an evening at a Maryknoll mission with two of our priests. After dinner he told how Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek, the Chinese leader, told his student officers that the best advice he could give them would be to imitate Catholic missionaries.

In opening his lecture, the generalissimo said, "Today I propose to speak to you on the model for your lives as officers of the Republic. That model is the Catholic missionary priests as found in China. These men are single-hearted, constant, persevering, undaunted by any obstacles, unremitting at their work."

The generalissimo devoted the entire lecture period to developing this theme and to exhorting the officers to model their lives on the missionary. A rather remarkable tribute, don't you think, especially since he is not a Catholic and most, if not all, of the officers whom he addressed were non-Christians.

Maryknoll Notes (Nov. '41).

Return of a Native

By DONALD P. MACGREGOR, C.S.C.

Back from Bengal

Condensed from the *Bengalese**

There are some who wonder what most strikes a repatriated missionary after an absence of 16 years.

Many changes take place; or rather, things grow instead of changing, in the sense of being new. The changes are developments. Towns are bigger; houses, movies, radios are more numerous and improved, but they remain pretty much the same towns, houses, movies—or shall I say, talkies and radios.

Take, for example, the ordinary loaf of bread that comes every day to the house. It used to come in a one-piece loaf wrapped up in a piece of brown paper and tied with string, perhaps even in a newspaper. If you went to the store, it was probably handed to you off the shelf in all its innocence. Now you receive it at your door in a neat, transparent, cellophane wrapper, securely fastened, without string. And that is not all. It is already sliced.

We may have to go back to our grandfather's days to recall when we cut our own wood. But now we don't even cut our own bread. And it is a poor table that hasn't its electric toaster and electric coffee maker, or heater, or boiler, or whatever the modern gadget is called.

Tea has also come in for its share of metamorphism. One used to get a helping from the family pot off the kitchen range. Now if one asks for a helping, he gets a small fancy pot, about the size of a cup, full of boiling water, and a little gauze bag of tea leaves. These are mixed in a cup at the table, and the drinker simmers while the tea brews. The recipient of the tea is to be the judge of how strong or weak it should be. All of which presupposes that everyone now knows how to make tea.

In the field of invention there are many new and renewed things: so many that one would find it difficult to take note of them all. But a few common things that have invaded our ordinary living quarters might be mentioned.

Take the innocent little door lock. It seems one can get out, but he cannot get in if he is not supposed to. On my first night in a hotel a key to my room was given me. After entering the room, I tried to insert the key into the lock, but there was no opening. I began to wonder what was the purpose of the key; spring locks were not so universally used a decade and a half ago as today. I put the key on the table and went to bed, trusting

**Brookland, Washington, D. C. January, 1942.*

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to providence that all would be well, at least for the first night. All *was* well till I got up the next morning. I went into the corridor and pulled the door shut after me, leaving the key on the table. That was my mistake. I found that the key was to let me in if I went out. The door itself attended to the little matter of keeping undesirables out.

Even the homey little electric light has been tampered with. I do not refer to all the new inventions such as neon lights and fluorescent lights, nor to all the high-powered bulbs of various sizes and hues. I stopped at a certain hospital where I was given a room for the night. Naturally, I turned on the light to finish reading my Office. Someone asked me if I had sufficient light. The light was just a little dim, but I didn't see how it could be remedied. I didn't care to trouble anyone to bring another bulb, so I decided that it would do. I had seen worse. I was taken at my word. After some time, I finished my office and prepared for bed. When I tried to turn the light out, it became brighter. When I turned it the other way, the button screwed off. I called someone and found out that just one more turn did the trick. If I had persevered I would have been saved. I would not have saved myself from the bewilderment, but at least I could have kept my disgrace, so to speak, under my hat. The light had to be, it seems,

turned out three times before it went out.

The radio must come in for honorable mention. Many radios are on exhibition and sale in India and many good programs come within range of such sets as are to be had. In fact, they are no mean instruments. There are many new devices and improvements in the radio field which do not come within the ken of the inexperienced neophyte. But one thing that fooled me badly was the dial system. It looked to me like a truncated piano. When I saw someone pushing the keys or buttons, I thought he was playing it. I wondered if the radio had reached the stage where one could get, as on the phonograph, any piece he wanted any time he wanted it.

The changes in language today are far fewer than they were in the period from Chaucer to Shakespeare or from Shakespeare to our own time. But even in our own day there are changes. There is the expressive word, phrase or sentence—whatever one may call it—O.K., sometimes expanded to Okey Dokey. In fact, so various are its uses now that it takes the place of a dozen better words.

Another pair of words that comes in for more than its share of use is, "Quote . . . unquote." Every day in the papers, over the radio, on the lecture platform, people are quoting and unquoting. Nobody says anything any

more. He just quotes and unquotes.

And now I come to a matter that impressed me most: the matter of, and attitude towards, work. Work is not considered honorable in Bengal; I might even say, in India. There is very little freedom of choice in the matter of a calling. What one's father was and did, with very few exceptions, one must be and do. Those who do menial tasks are considered menials and very little can be done about it. Bengal is a land of servants. Even ordinary day laborers have their household servants. A man will not go to town and bring his own bundles. His wife will seldom go to market or do her own cooking.

After 16 years of this way of living it was wonderful to see white men doing these menial tasks. And they weren't blushing either. White men were waiting on table, cooking, sweeping, straightening up the cabins, carrying trunks — doing everything.

They seemed to feel that they were the equal of the man for whom they were working. In Bengal the servants are more than humble, they are actually subservient men. The servant is always bowing and scraping, giving salaams and salutes, touching his forehead, and touching his master's feet with his hands and sometimes with his forehead. But the white man in a white man's country, even though he serves, is not subservient. He consid-

ers himself the equal of his employer. That is democracy, bolstered up by organized labor. The servant laughs and talks with you, tells you the latest jokes. He might even invite you to dinner, and he'll sit down to the table with you and let you sit at *his* right side as *the* place of honor. None of this in Bengal. If a servant ever does presume to treat his master or any big man to anything, it will be with great reverence and deference. He will stand by and serve with great humility—at least externally.

Finally, let me make an observation that may cause some of my friends and acquaintances to wince. I left them, not in the full bloom of youth, but in full-grown maturity. Now I find them bald, gray and wrinkled. It makes a strange, almost frightening combination. I see before me, not a new person or an unknown person, but a much changed person. Yet withal, like a ghost of his former self, I see the youth standing as it were in the shadows behind the present person as if he were slowly but surely receding into the great unknown, into the mist of obscurity, soon to be entirely obliterated. The new personality is taking his place.

I thought it was just the other day that I had sailed away, the time went so fast. It is scenes like these that make me realize I must have been gone a long time.

Father Finn's Gift to Opera

By DORAN FOX

Even the Patagonians

Condensed from the *Queen's Work**

To most radio listeners the very mention of the Metropolitan brings to mind the clear, richly modulated voice that has won diction awards and medals for its owner, Milton Cross. He has translated the great operas into a language that the ordinary listener can easily understand. But what is generally unknown about Milton Cross is the fact that he received his early musical education as a member of the Paulist choristers under the famous Father Finn.

Today between broadcasts at the NBC studios he still likes to reminisce about his concert tours with Father Finn. I was with Mr. Cross when he received his annual Christmas card from that great priest musician, and the evening was spent talking of his days with the Paulist choristers.

"I certainly never guessed then," he said, "that Father Finn's choir would be for me the road to Metropolitan broadcasts."

In the old days the fantastic possibilities of opera's being liked by the masses had never occurred to those entrenched in high and mighty places in the old order. The first radio presentation of the semipopular *Hansel and Gretel*, broadcast by Mr. Cross on

Christmas day of 1931, amazed the music world. Fan mail poured into the studio from lumberjacks of the far Northwest, from pineapple pickers in Hawaii, even in pidgin English from the shepherders of Patagonia. And that flow of appreciative mail has never died down. Opera is now a part of the radio diet of the nation.

Over 100 domestic stations carried the Metropolitan broadcasts last year. The program is beamed to Europe and South America, and is now recorded and rebroadcast in order to eliminate the interruptions caused by hourly war bulletins.

Broadcasting the Metropolitan is a tremendous job. Twelve to 14 microphones are suspended at strategic spots. They are high over the orchestra, among the footlights, in the boxes and in the lobbies, where sounds and narration are picked up.

Two engineers, one on the mixer and one inside the sound booth, together with the production man are responsible for the technical end of the program. They attend rehearsals to be sure that each delicate passage and the shading of every tone are presented faithfully. During the broadcast the man at the controls follows the score carefully. It is his task to

*3742 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. January, 1942.

signal the engineers, warning them of the entrance of the characters and of the sections of the orchestra that will predominate, so that the proper microphone will be cut in to pick up the sound from the best point.

On the day preceding the actual broadcast, the Metropolitan Opera Guild sends out over the air a 15-minute *Operalogue*. The story of the opera is briefly told. Musical excerpts and pertinent information are presented by capable experts. Thus the way is paved for the Saturday broadcast.

It is amazing to realize in how many places halls are opened and public meeting places arranged for people who wish to follow the broadcast. One priest opens the parish school for all who wish to hear the program. Knitting clubs meet in libraries to listen while they work. Beethoven, Verdi, Massenet, and Mozart clubs in many music-hungry sections have come to depend upon these broadcasts, which they follow up by the playing of the records of the operas.

The growth in musical appreciation is tremendous. In the early part of the century less than 6% of the Metropolitan audience came from outside New York. Today 38% comes from outside the city. Many patrons fly from Boston, Baltimore, Washington, and Pittsburgh. People who have heard Melchior on the air want to see him in person; those who have heard

Tibbett do his famed Iago make a pilgrimage to watch him while he sings. Radio brought the opera to America. But the process is reversed now: radio is bringing America to the opera.

When Edward Johnson and his able assistants, Earle Lewis and Edward Ziegler, took over the Metropolitan, it was a sinking ship. They knew it could no longer depend upon the full-dress audience and the subsidizing checks of the wealthy. In Europe the opera had long belonged to the great, sound, music-loving middle class. Today opera is part of our democracy, made so by the most democratic form of entertainment medium ever invented, the radio broadcast.

Is it possible to overestimate the part that Catholics have played and still play in this?

Mary Toye, eminent writer on music and musicians, has stated again and again that the Church has been the great source of dramatic music, that its liturgy and ritual are the glorious material with which composers inevitably worked.

Though many a grand-opera theme is far, far from being Catholic, yet it is interesting to note how much of Catholic ritual and faith figure in the great operas. In Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, as in *Tannhäuser*, the opera takes its rise from a Catholic pilgrimage. Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* opens on Easter Sunday with the Easter Mass

in progress. Leoncavallo's *I Pagliacci* thrills its auditors with the beautiful "Ding-dong" chorus, which is sung as the worshipers file into church for vespers. Puccini gives us in *La Tosca* a scene where his prima donna is praying at the shrine for the release of her brother. The Catholic Holy Grail dominates Wagner's great *Parsifal*. Gounod, who turned from opera to write his famous Masses, *Redemption* and *Requiem*, loved the ritual of the Church and made it part of *Faust* and *Romeo and Juliet*.

Today the strong current of Catholicity runs through the staff and the stars of the Metropolitan. If you want to talk to a Metropolitan star, you must first meet Irene Barrie, a Catholic, who has been the Metropolitan's confidential telephone operator for years. The librarian of the Metropolitan, Alfred Mapleson, is, like his famed librarian father, a Catholic.

The great American tenor, the late Charles Hackett, was a Catholic. The

baritone Wilfred Engleman and the famed soprano Anna Kaskas also are Catholics. Mr. Engleman's sister is a nun.

The Italian heritage of many of the singers makes Catholicity a part of their long tradition. All of Martinelli's children have been confirmed in the Paulist Fathers' church in New York City. Louis d'Angelo and Carlo Morelli are excellent Catholics, as is Francesco Valentino, whose debut last year was a tremendous success.

So when next you listen to a Metropolitan broadcast, you can thank Father Finn, whose training first brought music to the attention of Milton Cross; you can then thank radio, which brings great music to the farthest corners of our country and is within reach of any income; you can thank the great Catholic composers, who have given the Metropolitan most of its famous operas; and you can think of the Catholicity behind many of the great voices you love.



Beginnings...XXXIII...

NEW HAMPSHIRE

First priests: Probably two with Sieur Vilier's expedition which attacked modern Durham in July, 1694.

First Mass: Probably by one of these two priests.

First recorded Baptism: Andrew Cunningham by Father Matignon at Portsmouth, Oct. 13, 1793.

Gilbert J. Garraghan in *Mid-America* (April '39).

Native Priests

By JOSEPH M. LYNCH

Apostles of tomorrow

Condensed from the *Catholic Mind**

Europe's turmoil is perilous for the future of the missions because of the enslavement of many countries which have provided missionary personnel and funds in the past. Consequent deplorable effects on the missions can be alleviated only by the mobilization of mission aid from other, more fortunate nations.

The great apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, were the first advocates of a native clergy. History tells us that they chose deacons and, later, priests and bishops from among their converts. Timothy in Ephesus, Titus in Crete and Ignatius of Antioch are outstanding examples. If priests had to be furnished the Roman empire and the early Church only from Tarsus in Galicia where would be the Rome of today? Where would be the Church in Germany if its clergy had to be recruited only from the English monasteries which sent Boniface to the Rhineland? What would be the plight of our own country if the annual supply of priests had to be brought from outside?

The ordination of a native priest in the missions is proof that the efforts of the foreign missionaries have been crowned with success. It is also a reward for all the work they have done

to lift the people to the level of Christian culture. It is a visible manifestation of Christian maturity.

The progress of this apostolate, despite the tremendous obstacles it encounters, has, therefore, been little short of astounding. Whereas 50 years ago there was practically only a handful of native clergy and fewer seminaries, today there are over 7,000 native priests, who are an honor to Christianity and its pioneers. The native seminaries each year send forth some 400 priests.

To evangelize unbelievers, to widen frontiers, and include them finally in the ever-increasing empire of Christ, foreign missionaries are an absolute requirement, whether they be European or American. Since they transmit the elementary knowledge of Christianity, they, more than any other, are ideally adapted to fill this role capably. But once the foreign missionaries have organized the visible Church with its schools, dispensaries and hospitals in a given territory, the needs become different.

Foreign missionaries will never be numerous enough to convert the pagan world. Native priests, consequently, are urgently needed to assist them and eventually be their successors. The

*329 W. 108th St., New York City. Jan. 8, 1942.

peculiar advantages of the native clergy when carefully trained will be clear from a comparison. Foreign missionaries, no matter how well disposed, are foreigners, and as such they are looked upon with disfavor by many in both high and low places who regard them as intruders.

With the native priests this drawback does not exist. They have the right to practice the religion of their choice, to preach it and to adopt it. Native priests cannot be prevented from proclaiming from the housetops what they believe to be true. This is the native's inherent right everywhere.

Great advantage comes from their knowledge of the vernacular. When a foreign missionary sets foot in a country, he is an adult and his memory is not always retentive for the language he must master. Long years of study are oftentimes necessary before he can speak it fluently. Without at least a working knowledge of the language, the missionary's influence is restricted. He cannot win the attention and respect of the native. To bring this home, we have only to visualize the difficulties of a priest in the ministry in our own country who does not possess a perfect command of the English language. When one considers that in India alone there are

147 languages and innumerable dialects, one can estimate the almost insuperable barriers separating race from race.

The native candidate to the priesthood has this great advantage: he knows his native tongue, and later as a priest can explain the precepts of the Catholic religion idiomatically to his people. Can there be a more compelling argument for the multiplication of native seminaries? There can be no native clergy without local seminaries.

Work on behalf of the native clergy should appeal in a very personal way to Americans. We are among the few peoples of the world today who are permitted by the government to serve, and who are personally capable of serving, the missions.

The union of the best efforts of priests and laity is absolutely necessary if the progress of the last 50 years is to be maintained. As native candidates for the priesthood, though numerous, are scarcely ever able to finance their clerical education, others have to help. Hundreds of bishops would soon build seminaries if they had the funds; others having seminaries must incessantly beg for support to educate the native students who will be the apostles of tomorrow.

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If a girl wants to be pretty in Indo-China she lacquers her teeth, keeping them always a shiny black, instead of a sparkling white.

The Christian Family and Our Missions (Jan. '42).

What To Do With a Drunkard

By FRANCIS J. BRACELAND, M.D.

Condensed from the *Ecclesiastical Review**

Liquid flights from reality

There are few conditions so discouraging to medical practice as chronic alcoholism. Uniformly the results of the various types of therapy, or what has been dignified by the name therapy, have been disappointing. The main reason for the physician's failure has been a lack of understanding of the basic principles of the illness, and in some cases even lack of recognition that alcoholism is an illness. The usual procedure has been to try medicine, platitudes, exhortations and threats, each in turn, and finally, in desperation, to advise "taking the cure" in one of the numerous fly-by-night sanatoria which infest the country. Incarceration for alcoholism is unsuccessful because, while the patient is usually (not always) deprived of alcohol physically, nothing is done to remedy the psychological difficulties which made him an abnormal drinker.

Drunkenness is apparently increasing, and the latest statistics published by the Federal Bureau of Investigation show that the number of women arrested for drunkenness during the first half of 1941 has increased 35.4% over the same period in 1940. A complete survey of the number of alcoholics would be staggering and the

scope of the addiction will perhaps never be known because of the effort on the part of families and friends to "cover up."

What exactly is an alcoholic? It is at once readily agreed that not everyone who uses alcohol is an alcoholic. The normal or so-called "social drinker" is the ordinary citizen who uses alcohol occasionally and carefully and as a social gesture or sign of conviviality. He is always completely under control, never gets beyond the "mellow" stage and, of course, has never gotten into difficulty because of its use. Used in this manner, alcohol is an aid to sociability: it thaws out the social gathering and acts as a social lubricant. Practically everyone starts out as a "social drinker," for no person of average intelligence wants to become a drunkard.

The transition from "normal" to abnormal drinking is an insidious one, and the danger zone is entered when a person begins to need alcohol to help him face the reality of his everyday life. There are a few warning signs which indicate to the drinker the presence of definite alcoholism; unfortunately, the potential alcoholic does not see these signs, or rather he sees them and does not believe that

*1722 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. December, 1941.

they were meant for him. He can see difficulty for others but he rationalizes his own drinking, and rationalization is the mechanism which he calls forth at regular intervals for the remainder of his drinking career. A few of the danger signals are: 1. An increase in the amount of alcohol used or a more frequent need for the same amount. 2. The need for alcohol during the day, worst of all before breakfast. The latter is the pernicious habit of taking a bracer in order to start the day after a hangover. It is called in alcoholic parlance "the hair of the dog that bit you." 3. Taking a few quick drinks or a few straight ones upon leaving for a social or business function, to be better able to meet the situation. 4. Any kind of solitary drinking. 5. Any interference with work or neglect of obligations due to alcoholic indulgence. An abnormal drinker is one who cannot face reality without alcohol and whose adequate adjustment to reality is impossible as long as he uses alcohol. The term *chronic alcoholic* is not a particularly good one as it calls to mind dirty, unkempt individuals who weave about the sidewalks and who are forever being sentenced to 30-day terms by city magistrates. The term *abnormal drinker* is better, more inclusive and, sadly enough, embraces business and professional men and others who are slowly being ruined by alcohol but who are still keeping

up a semblance of quasi respectability. From time to time the drinker should ask himself whether or not he is able to give up alcoholic indulgence at will. If he cannot, it is time to seek help. Of course, the fallacy here rests in the fact that the alcoholic, who is so adept at fooling himself, will display a confidence that he cannot bear out in practice. It is sad to see these men, some of them with fine possibilities, ruin their careers by displaying a stubborn, bullheaded attitude toward those who are desirous of helping them; nevertheless, this same attitude is an integral part of the illness. Psychiatrists have demonstrated that the impulse to abnormal drinking is psychological and not physical, and that the medicinal uses of alcohol are so few that they are almost negligible.

In spite of the distress and misery which the alcoholics cause they are not unregenerate scoundrels at heart. For the most part, when sober, they are capable and attractive people. They are actually not pernicious; they are sick, just as sick as if they had typhoid fever. In some cases abnormal drinking is covering a mental disease and the rhythm of periodic or "spree drinking" inclines us to compare it to the cycles of manic-depressive psychosis. In these conditions alcoholism per se is not the important factor and the treatment naturally is directed at the underlying condition. This discussion is not primarily con-

cerned with the alcoholics who have reached the mental hospital stage—they are problems for the institutional psychiatrist; we are most interested in those individuals who are headed for this inglorious end, but who as yet have not passed beyond the reach of help.

For the most part, alcoholics are supersensitive individuals who are unable to stand the buffeting and strains of everyday life. They are inclined to be aggressive, opinionated, and to have a pretty high regard for their own capabilities, which they rarely risk in open competition. They are constantly in fear of a "raw deal" and fear that their real talents are not appreciated by the stodgy, inimical people who surround them or who are their superiors. In their own minds they possess all of the necessary qualities for leadership but they rarely ever do anything about it except to boast of these qualities while they are in their cups.

The alcoholic cannot stand adverse criticism in any form whether it be from his own conscience, his family, or his employers, and it is here that his trusty weapon, rationalization, is called into play. He can always find some reason for his drinking. Most frequently it is projected upon others, his family, his fellow employees, or his boss. At first the complaints are mild and whining but as the illness progresses we see that distressing pic-

ture of full-blown alcoholic paranoia. All the world is wrong; he is right. Everything and anything comes in for a share of the blame. All is grist that comes into his mill, except himself, and in his own eyes he is misunderstood and badly abused. Inclined to be vain and boastful, he is really compensating for his feeling of inferiority and the partial recognition of his great inadequacy.

This leads him to look for an appreciative audience and, failing to find it in his own home or milieu, he seeks the solace of maudlin companions in a drinking bout. Here he can usually consult with other misunderstood oracles, and approval and adulation can be purchased with every round of drinks which he buys "for the house." The fantasy of temporary greatness is thus easily and cheaply purchased in a bottle at the corner saloon. As the individual becomes thoroughly narcotized there is complete relief from inhibition and this permits a flight from reality which is pleasurable for the moment. The alcoholic, emotional child that he is, fails to see that there must be an inevitable period of sobering and reckoning, and he reaches out for the satisfactions of the moment, oblivious to the future consequences. Regression is steady, and in some cases the need for periodic stupefaction increases.

It is a vicious circle; as the stress of conflict in everyday problems becomes

more pressing, the alcoholic has need for escape from this reality. As he continues his pathological method of escape through alcohol, he begins to see signs of his growing inadequacy, and he then drinks to conceal these from himself. During some of these bouts, latent undesirable tendencies sometimes evidence themselves and the alcoholic becomes involved in some scandalous episode which will ruin him; this calls for more alcohol to help him forget about it. As the finer sensibilities are blunted the demands for the maintenance of moral and social inhibitions also decrease, and the conversation and conduct of the drinker reach that of the least common denominator of his alcoholic companions.

No matter how great the intellectual or professional heights he may have attained, the alcoholic is emotionally a small boy. He is unable to handle the ordinary everyday job of living and working without the aid of what has now become for him a dangerous narcotic. These individuals have a type of "nervous breakdown" (if we may be permitted the use of a term which means very little); and unless there is some great religious experience or very careful scientific handling he is lost forever as far as useful citizenship and family life are concerned. Owing to family connivance, alcoholism is usually kept secret from medical and spiritual ad-

visers until it is too late. The family regards it as a stigma and will go to great lengths to hide it, not realizing that this is a precarious procedure and not understanding the possibility of intellectual deterioration.

We have learned several things about abnormal drinking and six years of rather extensive experience lead us to regard them as axiomatic. The first of these axioms we have already stated, namely, that the problem is one of emotional immaturity; therefore, the patient requires emotional re-education to an adult level. This is the work of a trained psychiatrist and it requires at least a whole year's effort consisting at first of several interviews a week; later on, this frequency can be diminished.

Secondly, no person can be cured of his abnormal drinking unless he wants to be cured. He must want to get well because he knows that alcohol is ruining him; no other reasons, such as doing it for dear old grandmother's sake or because he will lose his job, are entirely satisfactory. These latter are perfectly good secondary reasons for wanting to recover but they are emotional and will last only as long as the mood lasts. This is one instance in which a modified form of selfishness is acceptable and even desirable.

Thirdly, the patient accepted for treatment must look forward to an alcohol-free existence. He can never

again, under any circumstances, drink anything which contains alcohol. He is now psychologically allergic to alcohol and one drink will start his troubles all over again whether the drink be taken one, five, or ten years later. His behavior in the past has demonstrated that his nervous system cannot tolerate alcohol and there will never come a time when he can drink with impunity. It is no disgrace to be allergic to alcohol any more than it is to be allergic to strawberries; nevertheless, many alcoholics feel that to refuse a drink is a symbol of lost masculinity. This attitude, of course, is simply confirmation of their emotional arrest at a juvenile level. Unfortunately, there are many people, themselves not abnormal drinkers, who cause untold harm by insisting upon the alcoholic taking "just one drink." Many times, that one drink is the starting point of a new debauch. These facts also indicate the fallacy in the advice sometimes given to "change over" to wine or beer. This is impossible and if it is tried, the alcoholic will soon be back in the old precarious position.

Fourth, the use of patented drugs or advertised nostrums is worse than useless. These cruel frauds are usually perpetrated upon people who can ill afford them.

What specific things can be done to help an alcoholic? He should seek psychiatric help. But it is obvious that the psychiatrist cannot undertake the treatment of all of these patients. The psychiatrist must also make a living and support his family. The treatment is expensive and time-consuming (75-100 hours). This is not the fault of the psychiatrist. For the group which is unable to have private care, an organization called the Alcoholics Anonymous has been founded. They work upon the principle of helping themselves by helping others. While they thus catch the crumbs which fall from the table, they also meet another need: they bolster the sagging ego of the alcoholic by putting him in the dual role of teacher and therapist. They appeal to a man's religious sense but do not interfere with his belief. It would pay the priest to examine the workings of this group; they have been very successful in many instances. They hold weekly meetings and hold themselves in readiness to call upon alcoholics in an effort to give them some insight into the problem. Their approach is excellent. It is that of one alcoholic to another. This disarming approach is better than that of the professional man who, in the mind of the alcoholic, is looking down his nose at him.

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The chains of habit are generally too weak to be felt until they are too strong to be broken.

Dr. Johnson.

Religion in Japan

Oriental nazism

By MICHAEL CAHILL

Condensed from the *Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart**

St. Francis Xavier carried Christianity to Japan. He reached Kago-shima on Aug. 15, 1549, and for a period of more than two years conducted a successful apostolate at Hirado, Yamaguchi, Bungo, and Funai. When he left for China in November, 1551, there were 3,000 Catholics in Japan. By the end of the century the Catholic population had grown to 200,000. But then the frightful persecutions had begun. On Feb. 5, 1597, 26 Christians were crucified at Nagasaki.†

In the first years of the 17th century there was peace, and the missionaries made many converts. There were in Japan 130 Jesuits, a number of secular priests, and 30 Franciscans, Dominicans and Augustinians. In 1614 Ieyusa Tokugawa, one of the many hereditary shoguns who for centuries ruled Japan by virtue of their control of the army, decreed the destruction of Christianity. His successor, Hidetada, renewed the decree two years later. In 1622, at Nagasaki, 52 Christians were martyred on the same day, 25 burned alive, 27 beheaded. Thereafter the persecution extended throughout the empire and its severity increased. In the province of Arima 37,000 Chris-

tians, driven to revolt, were exterminated. Four Portuguese, ambassadors from Macao, were slain because they refused to apostatize. Their followers were deported after receiving the warning: "While the sun warms the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to venture into Japan. Let this be known to all men. Though it were the king of Spain in person or the God of the Christians or the Great Shaka himself, whosoever shall disobey this prohibition will pay for it with his head." This was in 1640. For more than two centuries Japan remained a closed country.

Persecution did not cease with the closing of Japan to foreigners. There was a price on the head of every Christian, foreign or native, and every Japanese was forced to trample the cross underfoot. Twice Jesuits ventured into Japan, but were slain after fearful tortures. A similar undertaking by Dominicans from the Philippines, made in 1647, fared no better. The severity of the persecution did not, however, destroy the Catholic faith brought to Japan by St. Francis Xavier. In 1859 a treaty between France and Japan was ratified, and thereafter missionaries were permitted to reside in open ports and to minister to foreign-

†See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Dec., '39, p. 13.

*160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Ont., Canada. February, 1942.

ers. Priests of the Paris Foreign Mission Society established houses and built churches at Hakodate and at Nagasaki. It was at Nagasaki, on St. Patrick's day, 1865, that 15 Japanese called on Father Petitjean to inform him that thousands of the descendants of the converts made two centuries before had retained their Catholic faith. By three marks they recognized the missionaries of 1865 as Catholic priests: submission to the authority of the Pope, veneration of Mary, Mother of God, and celibacy of the clergy.

The ardor of the Japanese Christians brought unwelcome attention two years later, and 40,000 Catholics of Urakami were exiled. Elsewhere the same procedure was followed, and Catholics were made to choose between apostasy or exile. Most of them were exiled. These people were permitted to return to their homes in 1873, but a third of them had died or preferred not to come back. The period of violent persecution was ended. The vicariate of Japan, with Father Petitjean as vicar apostolic, had been established in 1866. In 1878 missionaries were granted passports which permitted travel into the interior, and they brought the faith to many Japanese. The vicariate of Central Japan was erected in 1888 and in 1891 came the vicariate apostolic of Hakodate. This was a few months before the ecclesiastical hierarchy of Japan was created, with an archbishop of Tokyo

and suffragan bishops of Nagasaki, Osaka, and Hakodate.

During the last 50 years the Church has made slow but steady progress in Japan. The Meiji Restoration of 1866 brought many startling changes to Japan. The shoguns, or military dictators, were overthrown. The emperor, instead of living in obscurity in Kyoto, came to Tokyo, his prestige greatly enhanced. Mutsuhito was then the emperor of Japan; Meiji was the name taken by Mutsuhito for his reign, hence the Meiji Restoration.

The reopening of the country was remarkable for the overnight adoption of western methods in commerce and industry, the modernization of the army, and the building of a navy. In less than half a century the backward, mysterious, and isolated island empire was to become one of the great powers of the world. Curiously, though Japan adopted western ideas and methods in industry, reorganized the army on the German pattern, and built a navy in imitation of Britain's, the engineers of Japan's restoration reached into the past for religion. Shintoism was revived, and its revival had as much importance as the restored prestige of the emperor to which it contributed greatly; it was no less significant than the forward surge in industry, the revamping of the army, and the acquisition of a navy.

Shinto, the ancient religion of Ja-

pan, had been submerged in Buddhism for 1100 years. It is little more than nationalism, patriotism, with loyalty to the emperor as its chief tenet. For the Shintoist the emperor of Japan not only is the head of the state but also the god who gives life and strength to the nation, a god in whose divinity every Japanese shares. It is evident that the men who plotted out the new Japan saw that Shinto could be made a powerful instrument of national policy, for the ancient worship of the emperor was strongly emphasized. Here was a tool more powerful than the nazi *Führer-prinzip* for the molding of national unity, and it has been used effectively.

The restoration gave Japan a new constitution, which included a clause granting liberty of worship. Missionaries now were free to go where they willed in Japan. But the constitutional liberty of worship, instead of awakening greater interest in Christianity as might have been expected, slowed down the flow of converts. The new emphasis on Shinto, with its intense nationalism and emperor worship, even though Shinto was not proclaimed the official religion, set up barriers to conversion. The state holds a monopoly on primary education, and the Church is allowed to conduct only institutions of higher education. Among the nation's 90 million people there are few who can pay for education in private schools. Industrial

workers earn about 75c a day, women workers about 25c a day. Poor rice growers, usually blessed with large families, struggle knee-deep in mud on their tiny holdings and manage but a meager subsistence. Catholic high schools and colleges would need rich endowments to enable them to help the children of Japanese industrial and agricultural workers.

Whence does Shinto come? What manner of man is the Shintoist? The origins of Shinto are obscure. Catholic scholars trace it to primitive animism which endowed all natural objects with spirits which somehow became vague little gods too ill-defined to be represented by idols. These gods, or *kami*, were associated with family, clan, and nation in a confused cult of nature worship and ancestor veneration. There is a basis of pantheism and a mythology which supports the divine pretensions of the emperor. Thus Hirohito, the present emperor of Japan, may claim that his dynasty has continued unbroken since 660 B.C. It was then that Jimmu, Japan's first ruler, whose great-grandfather, Ninigi-no-mikoto, was sent by his grandmother, Amaterasu, the sun goddess, to reign over Japan, began the dynasty. Amaterasu was born of the gods Izanagi and Izanami, the creators of Japan, who were the last of seven generations of heavenly spirits, begotten apparently by the Koto-Amatsu-Kami, five gods who existed

at the time of creation. Amaterasu is Japan's chief deity, probably because she is, in Shinto belief, the celestial ancestor of the emperor.

Shinto has little dogma. There is a vague notion of survival after death, attested by ancestor worship and association of the dead with the life of the family. It will be recalled that Hirohito informed his ancestors that war had been declared on the U.S.; the invasion of China, we may assume, continues to be a mere incident which the Son of Heaven need not trouble to discuss with his ancestors. Among the honored ancestors there seems to be no distinction between good and bad, and a few notable rascals have been deified. Shinto makes a virtue of cleanliness, holds physical uncleanness to be odious to its *kami*. It has no moral code. Morality is held to be a good thing for corrupt peoples, the Chinese, for example. But the Japanese, being of the family of the god-emperor, is of divine essence; he has only to follow his nature and be loyal to the emperor. There is a simi-

larity in this with the nazi race theory, which endows the German with all noble qualities and makes his religion obedience to the Führer. Shinto gives its devotee a free hand. He can be truthful, until lying becomes expedient or profitable. He can talk peace until Japanese dive bombers are ready to murder unsuspecting men. He can ignore all accepted conventions and bomb open cities.

Shinto, even though not properly a religion, is a most important affair in Japan. It will remain so until the Japanese army has been whipped thoroughly and forced to relinquish its dominance in Japanese politics. Though the Meiji Restoration ended the military dictatorship of the shoguns, the army has assumed such power that the Diet cannot govern without its support. The grandiose schemes of the army demanded unreserved sacrifice from all Japanese, sacrifice that would be unendurable without the religious motive of service to the god-emperor put before the people by Shinto.



Prayer for Japan

O Mary, bright morning star, who as soon as thou didst shine forth upon the earth didst proclaim the rising of the Sun of Justice and Truth to be at hand, shine brightly upon the people of the Japanese empire, that they may speedily scatter the darkness which surrounds their minds, and acknowledge the brightness of the eternal Light, Jesus Christ thy Son, our Lord.

The Raccolta (Burns Oates: 1930).

Europe's Gateway to Freedom

By MARY WHITEFORD

Condensed from the *Eikon**

The miracle of Salazar's reforms in Portugal first began to be noticeable while we were in his country. Though he came to power in 1926, he changed things slowly. Age-old traditions and superstitions hampered his programs, but with patience and genius, using the social ideal of the Church as his pattern, he gradually and painlessly accomplished a reorganization of the country, such as lesser dictators wrought elsewhere by spectacular brutalities.

The story of his struggles to raise the standard of living, to reduce illiteracy, his plans for free clinics, hospitals and sanatoria are well known. He came to power when the 18 years that followed the establishment of the republic were punctuated by 22 revolutions and 40 changes of government. This pious bachelor is overworked and underpaid: he labors 17 hours a day for \$208 a month, and after 15 years as the No. 1 Portuguese, has no private fortune, no vanity about his accomplishment and no personal ambition.

Salazar puts his hatred for communism even before his friendship with England; and Britain's present affiliation with communist Russia is a complicating angle that may easily affect

the long-standing alliance between England and Portugal. Since 1147, when a band of English Crusaders detoured on their way to the Holy Land to help Alfonso Henriques drive the Moors from Lisbon, England has had Portugal in her pocket and virtually controls all Portuguese imports and exports. While, generally speaking, the man in the street is strongly pro-British, rumor now has it that there are equally strong pro-nazi leanings in naval and military circles.

Looking from our bedroom window our first morning in Lisbon, we saw ox-drawn, wooden-wheeled carts bumping noisily over cobbled streets to the market; perambulating merchants were bawling their wares; buxom, barefoot beauties who walked the streets balancing huge trays of fresh fish on their heads easily outshouted even the loudest of the men peddlers.

Lisbon is a beautiful terraced city of vast luxuriant parks. Imposing examples of architecture contrast incongruously with the narrow, dirty streets. It is the city where in 1231 the church bells mournfully and miraculously tolled at the moment St. Anthony died in Padua. A church dedicated to him now stands on the site of the house where he was born in Lisbon.

*1355 Basin St., Montreal, Canada. January, 1942.

Everywhere in traveling through Portugal, one is conscious of the tremendous vitality the Church formerly enjoyed there. Public libraries, post offices, barracks, city halls and prisons were once religious houses. Derelict convents and deserted monasteries dot the landscape.

Because at first Portuguese food was different from the homespun variety of our London household, it tickled our palates and we ate rapturously; but the day finally came when we looked at each other across plates of oil-soaked food and knew we could down no more of it. At the furnished house in which we then installed ourselves at Estoril, half an hour from Lisbon, a rollicking, black-eyed cook was eventually persuaded to restrain her customary abandon with the oil bottle when our meals were under way. "What a pity you are so thin, *Senhora*," she deplored, the day she began her job with us. "But I will soon fatten you up."

Judged by our standards, Portugal's food is poor. Meat is tough and tasteless because pasturage is scarce and thin. Vegetables and fruit are good enough, though limited, but if you don't object to waistline inchage, you can let yourself go on endless varieties of delectable, sugary, creamy desserts. The wine is something to remember joyfully. "Green wine" made from unripe grapes is the pet drink of the natives, but leave it for them when

you take a trip to Portugal, because it makes untrained, foreign stomachs ache.

The upper-class Portuguese live on a scale of almost feudal lavishness, while on the other side of the picture, poverty plumbs terrible depths, and many of the poor live and die without knowing what it is ever to have their hunger really satisfied. Bread, olive oil and beans are their usual diet, while meat is a luxury reserved for high holidays.

Domestic wages are pitifully low. Because we were foreigners, the servants had asked for higher wages than the local folk would pay and we knew it, but the \$5-a-month cook and the \$4-a-month housemaid certainly were not overpaid. The laundress got 40c for two days' work each week. White-collar workers average about 75c a day.

Salazar's prime task when he took over the leadership of the country was to root out communism, and one of the schemes by which he ferreted out Red propagandists was demonstrated in our own household. One day when the usual vociferousness of the domestic staff reached an unendurable volume, I went kitchenwards to protest. Maria, the cook, and Andrea her husband, whom we employed as part-time gardener and general handy man, were having a little tiff.

"*Mia Senhora*," he announced, "I can work for you no more. I am go-

ing to be a rich man. See this." He handed me a card. "This is my number," he explained. Andrea could neither read nor write. "I am now employed by the police, and I work in a cigarette factory where I listen for communist propaganda. I will give the names of the communist agitators to the police, who will pay me well for everyone I catch."

After a time the virtues of communism were whispered by one of his fellow workers, whom Andrea duly reported. But he was given only street-car fare. "You have your salary at the factory," they told him, "and you ought to be glad to help Salazar wipe out communism." Andrea, however, lazier than patriotic, decided to give up his job, to return to the less arduous one of working for uncritical foreigners.

Finding a mate for a young Portuguese involves a cumbersome, long-distance courtship. I was only a few years older than Clementina the housemaid, but because she was in my employ, I stood in *loco parentis* to her, and young Valentino who loved her called to get my O.K. on his courtship. Valentino was our milkman. Milk, in Portugal, is sold by direct contact between demand and supply, and the goat comes to your door to deliver the goods in person. Morning and evening, with his herd and the whole household as an audience, Valentino wooed. Details of his passion

for Clementina were shouted from the sidewalk while her coy replies were wafted back from the safety of the kitchen window. In the other social stratum, a young man is allowed to call on his heart's desire, but no unchaperoned twosomes are permitted until the two are one.

Most of the Portuguese women we came in contact with socially were noticeably fashioned on a French pattern, because the custom of the wealthier Portuguese families has been to send their daughters to school in France. There they pick up and cling to French standards of dress, manner and culture, without, however, ever acquiring that special keenness that makes cultivated Frenchwomen so unusually intelligent.

Not very far out of Lisbon we came across what the Irish call a "beehive house," said to be the most ancient type of man-made dwelling in existence. It is a round, stone hut with a smoke hole in the middle of the thatched roof; I've seen one in an isolated corner of Achill, but nowhere else in the world except in Portugal. Evidence of an Irish-Portuguese link exists also in racial types or temperaments. Proud, reserved, and suspicious of strangers until their protective prejudices have been broken down, nowhere are people more kindhearted than in Portugal, to the truth of which many of the 40,000 refugees now living there can gratefully testify.

The Portuguese are intensely religious. There is a story about the fishermen refusing to put to sea on the feast of St. Peter, because on that day God gives the patron saint of fishermen a day off; and, without his watchful eye to protect them from the dangers of their calling, they won't risk the hazards. Like the Irish, again, the Portuguese pet peeve is their nearest neighbor. Because of periodic Spanish attempts to subvert their country, the Portuguese feel much the same toward Spain as the Irish do toward England.

Because of its present interesting position as the last refuge for the persecuted peoples of Europe and the last gateway to freedom in Europe, Portugal is now one of the most spectacular countries in Europe, and it may easily

become one of the most tragic, too, if the nazis should decree it is necessary in their scheme of finding room to move their elbows.

Portugal, to us, is a choice memory for many reasons. Better than the charm of the people, the beauty of the architecture or the perfection of the climate, is the recollection of the little mountain town of Cintra, not because Byron wrote *Childe Harold* there, nor for its historic background as the scene of treaty-signing, but because in an old castle King John I of Portugal, never dreaming that his smart repartee would live forever and become a part of the royal arms of many monarchs, wisecracked, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," when his wife caught him kissing her lady in waiting.



Suppression

In incorporated South Styria (a part of Slovenia), 91% of the priests have been deported. No mass or religious marriages are allowed. All monasteries and religious houses have been confiscated.

In incorporated Poland more than 80% of the priests have been ill treated, banished or imprisoned. Confessions in Polish, and marriages between Poles are forbidden.

In incorporated Alsace-Lorraine more than 70% of the clergy has been expelled. Bishops have not been permitted to return to their dioceses.

In incorporated Luxemburg all seminarians have been incarcerated, all religious houses closed, and 70% of the clergy kept away from their parishes. The bishop is a prisoner in his own house.

International Correspondence (15 Jan. '42).

Don't Blame the Politicians

Diagnosis of democracy

By JAMES L. DOAKES

Condensed from the *Catholic Home Journal**

I think I have seen a little bit of the ins and outs of practical politics. There are variations, of course, from one state to another, depending on the size of the community. Money purchase of official favor is less frequent in smaller towns. Vote graft is the greatest evil there. Not that people are any more virtuous in the smaller places. It's just harder to get by with it. But from the metropolis to Pumpkin Center, the principles of politics remain the same.

Everything is done with a view to vote-getting at the next election. The spoils system is in force. When policemen, firemen and other appointees are selected the principal consideration is not who is the fittest man for the position, but how many votes can he swing? Yet a caution here: merit is not entirely overlooked. If a mayor appoints an utterly incompetent police force, that fact will be used against him in the next campaign. Therefore, ability is also a consideration, and the spoilsman's ideal is the man who can swing enough votes and at the same time perform his duties efficiently. In fact, some men may be selected on the basis of efficiency alone; others, utterly incompetent, may be put on the pay roll for their political value

and placed where they can do the least harm.

In the filling of appointive offices, during the entire course of the administration, the officials, elected and appointive, have their eyes principally on the next election. Efficiency in the public service, economy, sense of duty and similar matters frequently take second place. When an official makes a decision, he reasons thus within himself, "Which course of action will net me the most votes at the next election?" When a policeman on a night beat sees John Doe intoxicated on the street, knowing that Doe is a supporter of the administration and capable of influencing a few votes, the officer does all in his power to get him home or to the custody of his friends. He will make an arrest only if absolutely necessary. But if a few hours later he locates drunken Richard Roe, whom he knows to be politically "wrong" or a nonentity, our police officer does his duty without fear or favor.

If you are ever in a municipal court, notice the judge glancing keenly first at the parties on the one side, and then at those on the other. He may be trying to read their faces as an aid to determine the merits of the controversy; or he may be trying to figure

*4121 Harewood Road, Brookland, Washington, D. C. January, 1942.

out which side will carry the more weight on election day. Of course, there are cases so clear that the judge must decide regardless of the political consequences. Sometimes a judge must "burn" his best friend, and when this unfortunate situation arises he must trust to his friend's sense of good sportsmanship.

I might add that often judges appointed under the spoils system are most conscientious and will ruthlessly decide against their friends if they think that justice so requires. I can truthfully say that while on the bench I always tried to follow this policy. I feel that such a policy is in itself very shrewd politics. But it is difficult; the temptations are many and the pressure often great. In borderline cases the judge may wonder what really motivated his decision—his belief in essential justice, or the political effect of his decision. And around election time, with the man who appointed you facing a hard fight for reelection, and the entire community surcharged with political electricity, it takes real moral courage to decide a close case against a friend of the administration.

The spoils system is a ruthless, brutal system, frequently shot through with actual corruption, and always self-seeking. Its devotees smile cynically when you mention such things as efficiency, public service and economy. It is a system which is time honored. Andrew Jackson did not originate it.

He only coined a slogan for something that was older than the republic. Read the annals of the Continental Congresses. You will find instances of politics, often petty, sometimes dirty, though few cases of actual corruption.

Civics as taught in our schools represents the framework. If one would see the living body, he must study politics, either in theory or by actual experience. There is a tendency to regard politics as an evil; some may concede that it is a necessary evil. Probably some 90% of our population, from priests to porters, has the idea that "politics ought to be cleaned up." They are entirely right. But I doubt very much if the present generation will ever see this done. Why not? It will start by recalling the old proverb, "A stream does not rise higher than its source." We, the people, are the source of politics and politicians. If political corruption is prevalent in a community, it is because the community as a whole is willing to tolerate corruption.

The public expects its representatives to act without fear or favor as a general principle; but as individuals most of them demand special consideration for their own cases. Not only as individuals, but as groups they make these demands. Tradesmen of one calling demand of the governing body favors which may be granted only at the expense of other groups, or of the

public at large. And behind these demands there is always the threat of swinging a block of votes.

While I was running for district attorney, the local grocers' association wrote a form letter to all candidates, demanding complete monopoly at the expense of the chain stores in the filling of the county poor-relief grocery orders. Had I been elected district attorney, I would have had absolutely nothing to do with the granting of their demand, that being the province of other officials. But the letter must be answered, or else. I had friends in both the home-owned groceries and the chain stores, so it was a rather embarrassing situation. I settled by replying as evasively as possible, Can you blame me?

The politician learns to play one group against another. For instance, there is a reform group in the community demanding a cleanup of vice conditions. The candidate, or the incumbent administration facing reelection, carefully measures the strength and composition of this reform group. Mr. A., one of the reform leaders, is a barber. A promise of some concession to the barber industry may cause him to soft-pedal his missionary zeal or at least become politically neutral. He is more interested in the income of his shop than in the moral tone of the town. Other reform leaders may be bought off by tax adjustments, repairs to the alley behind their homes, fixing

of traffic tickets, and a thousand and one other devices well known to the boys in the city hall. At the end, the reform movement may be shot through with carefully created defections, and the public wonders why the town can't be cleaned up.

We were taught in high school that the democratic form of government is one which considers the essential welfare of the greatest number of the people with necessary safeguards to protect the rights of all legitimate minorities. The politician has been led to believe that this is just a lot of hot air. He gets in office, and stays there, by finding and working "the least common denominator" among the rival demands of conflicting groups and individuals. Please as many people as you can, don't make anybody angry unless it is absolutely necessary, evade where possible, and when evasion is no longer possible ruthlessly take the side of the stronger. But don't actually lie and don't break your promises. The liar and the promise breaker are always found out.

There's the picture. It's not a nice one, I'll admit; but the stream does not rise higher than its source. Politicians are only human, after all, and they give the people what the people want. The ethics of politicians are no lower than those of most men. If bribetaking is wholesale in a community there must be a sufficient number of persons in that community ready

to tender bribes. When 60% of our population never goes to church, when divorces almost equal marriages, when business ethics is summed up in one phrase, "It's all right if you can get away with it," when people demand rotten magazines on their newsstands and birth-control devices in their drug-stores, when we have hundreds of thousands of automobile accidents every year due to sheer neglect and indifference, why expect any higher standards of politicians?

There is no question in my mind that politics as we have it today is not working right. My honest opinion is that corrupt politics and ruthless political machines, large and small, are destroying the spirit of democracy and paving the way for some kind of dictatorship. I don't think that I am an alarmist when I say that we will have some kind of dictatorship here unless certain public concepts are changed. To my mind the storm signals are

hung out for everyone to see them.

The situation is not saved by lambasting the politicians. Civil-service laws, the short ballot and direct primary, and the thousand and one other things, each one labeled a cure-all for "crooked politics," are only so many stopgaps. As often as not they will work to the advantage of the professional politician rather than against him. The disease lies deeper. Only when this country has a moral and spiritual awakening will things political be cleaned up. The basic evil is the lack of religion, and the consequent loss of the sense of right and wrong.

For years and years, the Catholic Church and the Catholic press have been calling for a moral reawakening in America. When this moral reawakening takes place, then politics will automatically be cleaned up, along with a lot of other things that need cleaning up.



An eminent Catholic lawyer some years ago approached the judge of his circuit court on the Thursday of Holy Week and asked, "Are you going to hold sessions tomorrow, judge?"

"Certainly," replied the judge. "Why should we call off proceedings just because the day has a religious signification?"

"Well," replied the lawyer, "I thought you might be interested in knowing that you will be the first judge to conduct a trial on Good Friday since Pontius Pilate." The custom of declaring a recess on Good Friday has prevailed in the U.S. ever since.

The Liguorian (Jan. '41).

Russia's Position

By JOHN DEWEY

Condensed from a letter*

There is no question that this country should give the Soviet Union every possible aid against the nazi invasion, which the Russian people and armies have so heroically withstood. But there is equally no question that it is not only unnecessary but dangerous for any public man to present the totalitarian despotism of Stalin in any but its true light.

The American people know that Stalin, now in the Allied camp by Hitler's will, not his, unleashed the present war through his pact with Hitler. They remember that, until Russia was invaded, Stalin's followers in America worked energetically to prevent this country from aiding Britain or arming itself. And they should bear clearly in mind that Stalin's actions—and those of his agents and sympathizers here—will be governed by his own interest as he conceives it, regardless of the efforts of or the consequences to his present democratic allies.

The recent reversal of opinion by so famous an intellectual, is as important for the United States as that of André Gide was for France.—Ed.

There is an even more important issue. To justify the Soviet blood purge to the American people is to justify government actions diametrically opposed to the judicial processes of democracy, with their careful safeguards of the rights of accused persons. To excuse a government terror on any basis is to condone by implication the abolition of all those civil rights which protect the citizens by those in power. It is the most dangerous kind of argument in these times when democracy is in grave peril.

It is possible to rejoice in Russian victories over the common enemy without idealizing Stalin's regime of terror. Never before have democratic peoples been asked to idealize despotism because its political interests happened to coincide with theirs. In our Civil War we received aid from autocratic Russia. We were grateful for that aid, but no responsible American eulogized the czarist regime because of it. In the first World War the republic of France was admittedly saved through the aid of czarist Russia in the first critical stages of the war. Yet no one in France or the other western democracies held up the bloody regime of the last czar as a model of justice and integrity.

*In the New York Times, New York City. Jan. 11, 1942.

In the matter of a correct attitude toward Stalin, the most powerful of all Russian despots, we may very well allow ourselves to be taught by him. He recognizes a common interest with us. He accepts what aid we can give him. But he does not trust us. There are no democratic agents and sympathizers at large in Russia, as there are

bolshevik agents and sympathizers at large in the democracies throughout the world.

Our future would be much more secure than it now appears if we were to emulate Stalin's circumspection instead of indulging in the fatuous one-sided love feast now going on in this country.



Ta-Ra-Ra Boom De-Ay

He gives the impression of a strong mind which is composed and wise. His brown eye is exceedingly kind and gentle. A child would like to sit in his lap and a dog would sidle up to him.

Joseph E. Davies' description of Stalin.



Eugene Lyons estimates the costs of Stalin's game of power as follows: no less than 8 million dead; the almost total annihilation of the old upper crust of the communist regime; a permanent system of slave labor in vast prison camps; and inestimable suffering for the whole of the population.

Cosmopolitan (Dec. '39) quoted in *Telling Facts* (Dec. '39).



This is the list of wholesale butcheries charged to Stalin through such semiofficial agencies as the Entente Internationale Anti-Communist from its Switzerland headquarters:

50 bishops	45,940 army and navy officials
4,860 priests	360,000 soldiers
7,824 university professors	48,000 agricultural agents
8,920 doctors	892,000 laborers
65,000 police officials	9,600,000 peasants.
120,600 government officials	

The Pathfinder (11 Oct. '41).

Euthanasia in Naziland

By BISHOP CLEMENS AUGUST COUNT VON GALEN

"My heart is broken within Me"

Condensed from a sermon*

According to what I have learned on good authority the practice in homes and clinics in Westphalia is to draw up lists of patients who are to be transferred elsewhere as "unproductive citizens" and after a time put to death.

According to Article 2 of the Code of Penal Law, which is still valid, anyone who deliberately kills a man by premeditated act will be executed as a murderer. In order to protect murderers from this legal penalty, victims to be put to death are removed from their place of residence to some distant institution. A disease or other reason is given as the cause of death, but as the bodies are immediately cremated, neither their families nor the regular police can afterwards find out the real cause of death.

When I heard of the proposal to remove patients from Marienthal in order to kill them, I informed the tribunal of Münster police. I had already sent a strong written protest to the provincial administration of Westphalia, which is responsible for the institutions to which these patients have been entrusted. It was all to no purpose. The first contingent of innocent people has left Marienthal under sentence of death, and from the clinic

of Waestein I am told that 800 patients have been removed.

In the opinion of some doctor or some committee they are "unworthy to live," because they can no longer produce riches. They are like an old machine which can no longer function, an old horse which has become incurably lame, or like a cow which can no longer give milk.

We are not dealing here with machines or horses or cows, destroyed when they can no longer fulfill their purpose. No, we are speaking here of men, of our neighbors, our brothers and sisters, poor people and invalids. Unproductive beings! Perhaps! But have they for that reason lost their right to live? Have you or have I the right to live only so long as we are productive, or rather so long as others regard us as productive? If one admits the principle that unproductive men may be killed, then woe to all of us who become old and enfeebled by age. If one may kill such men, woe to all invalids who, in order to produce wealth, have used up their strength. If one may by violence kill his unproductive neighbors, then woe to our gallant soldiers who come back to their country wounded and maimed and sick.

*N.C.W.C., 1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C. Jan. 17, 1942.

None of us then will be sure of his life. Any committee can put a man on the list of unproductives, when it judges that he has become unworthy of life. No police can protect him, no court can avenge his murder and inflict on the murderer the punishment he deserves. Who can have any confidence in a doctor when he has only to certify his patients as unproductive to get authority to kill them? If this horrible doctrine is tolerated, admitted and practiced, it is impossible to imagine to what depths of depravity it will lead, what suspicion and distrust it will cause even in close family circles. Woe to men and to the German people if we transgress the sacred Commandment, "Thou shalt not kill."

Is history repeating itself here in Germany, in our land of Westphalia, in our city of Münster? The 8th Commandment lays down, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." How often do we see this commandment violated publicly and with impunity.

The 7th Commandment says, "Thou shalt not steal," but can we say that property and possessions are being respected when our Religious are forcibly and brutally robbed of their convents; and who protects property now if it is illegally seized and never restored?

The 6th Commandment is, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." Think of the instructions and promises given

on the question of free love and maternity outside marriage in the notorious open letter published in the journals of Rudolph Hess, who has since disappeared. And in matters of this kind what indecency and vulgarity do we not see everywhere, even in Münster? To what lengths has not the impropriety of dress gone among our young people. That is how modesty, the guardian of purity, is being destroyed and the way being prepared for unchastity in the future.

And how is the 4th Commandment, which orders respect and obedience to parents and superiors, observed? The authority of parents has greatly diminished and is more and more shaken by the demands made upon the young against the wishes of their parents. How do you think one can preserve a genuine respect for and conscientious obedience toward state authority if one continues to violate the Commandments of the supreme Authority, the Commandments of God, if one is fighting against, and trying to destroy faith in, the only true God, the supreme Being, the Lord of heaven and earth?

The observance of the first three Commandments has long since lapsed in German public life and here also in Münster. Many desecrate and secularize Sunday and feast days and try to remove them from the service of God. The name of God is constantly ridiculed, dishonored and blasphemed;

and as for the first Commandment, men have created according to their own good pleasure false gods to adore: nature, the state, the people, or the race. Is it surprising then that they try also to claim divine prerogatives, and to make themselves the absolute masters of the life and death of their neighbors?

I hope that it is not too late, but it is certainly time to realize what alone can bring peace, what alone can save

us and preserve us from divine punishment. It is time to admit openly and unreservedly the divine revealed truths, and to show by our attitude that we wish to direct our lives by the Commandments of God and that we accept in all gravity the motto: "Rather die than sin"; and that we wish by sincere prayer and penance to draw down divine grace and forgiveness on us, our city and land and our dear German people.



The shortest book in the world is the *Who's Who in Germany*.

Camillus (9 Feb. '42).



The nazis in Czechoslovakia have forbidden many hymns and prayers being sung in churches. One such forbidden prayer is the one recited after Mass, which asks that Satan and other evil spirits haunting the world for the destruction of souls be hurled into hell. The nazis, who are growing sensitive to opinion in occupied territories, declare that they see in that prayer an allusion to Hitler and his executive.

Ech Pe Ae in the *Ceylon Catholic Messenger* (2 Nov. '41).



From the reports leaking out of nazi Germany it is gathered that the papal nuncio in Berlin, Msgr. Cesare Orsenigo, has sent a report to the Vatican on the killing of incurables by the Gestapo. According to the document, no fewer than 8,500 blind or incurable sick and aged Germans were put to death by the Gestapo during the last quarter of 1940. At the start of the operation, poison had been injected, but as it was too costly, the gas chamber was brought into action. Two hospitals in Berlin and one in Munich have been fitted with these chambers. They have been so arranged that students as well as the Gestapo sadists can study the effect of the gas on the victims.

Ech Pe Ae in the *Ceylon Catholic Messenger* (2 Nov. '41).

Newspapers

By R. A. JONES

Truth is as they like it

Condensed from the *Weekly Review**

There has always been a certain simplicity of judgment apparent in the press. Journalists seem affected by the superlatives of the advertisers' announcements, for they echo their accents, at least in imagination, in the voice of the people.

It is noticeable, too, that the press has a strange standard of values. For the majority of our journalists the really important point about the Spanish Civil War was not which side was right, but which side was democratic. The antithesis is also true: to call a man fascist is to condemn him completely. Thus Salazar and Himmler are put in the same category, but then were not Pericles and the members of the Front Populaire both democratic?

This curious method of reasoning seems to account in part for the comparatively bad "press" Poland has had, for Pilsudski had the reputation in leftist circles of being a "semifascist," a term applied by one paper to his country. It is rather a relief to know that General Sikorski has satisfied the examiners and been registered as a "genuine democrat"; one feels that Poland can now be supported with a clear conscience.

The truth is, as Evelyn Waugh has pointed out, that the modern world

puts far too much emphasis on politics, regarding it not as a means, but as an end in itself. It is difficult to explain on any other grounds how the vilest crimes, such as those committed by the Reds in Spain, can be slurred over or ignored, and their perpetrators acclaimed as democratic heroes. It is not that the general public, which is rarely informed of such things, condones these actions, but the press thinks it undemocratic to publish them except in such a fashion that they are either overlooked or soon forgotten.

Occasionally, of course, the press gets badly stung. The superlative denunciations of Russia, really justified for once, at the time of the Finnish war, look rather curious beside today's comments. It is not simply that they underestimated the Red army, an error of judgment quite excusable, but that they hanged overnight the whole political, social, economic and religious life of the Soviets. Finland also presents something of a problem, and has been noticeably little mentioned recently, as its rapid changeover from the most democratic country in Europe to a fascist state is rather too much even for a forgetful public to swallow.

*9 Essex St., Strand, W.C. 2, London, England. Dec. 18, 1941.

Another aspect of this mingled simplicity and overemphasis on politics is the way in which political terms are applied to every subject under the sun. The other day a magazine printed in all seriousness an article discuss-

ing whether the army could be ruled democratically or had to remain perforce in its present deplorably fascist condition—as if a newspaper should be called undemocratic because its contributors do not elect the editor!



Aide-de-Camp to Emily

The tall, rather stately gentleman had been waiting for the incoming train almost two hours. To pass the time and to calm his nerves, he had retired at intervals to the station bar, growing more dignified with each trip and much more stately. Finally, he moved with exact precision toward a phone booth.

The booths were jammed, but he finally located an unoccupied one. He was just about to put his dignified foot inside when a short, slightly greasy gent ducked under his arm, pulled the door out of his hand, and lifted the receiver.

The alcoholically dignified gentleman looked up surprised, disgusted. It was a rude trick. He stood visibly thinking for a minute, and then quite audibly said: "Well, you got in all right, m' friend; but let's see you get out."

The interloper finished his call, and found the man he had cheated resting placidly and immovably against the glass.

The captive pounded on the glass. His angry roar changed to beseeching, then to something like fear. But the drunk moved not. Finally the captive turned back to the phone and loudly called the police. The captor paid him no mind.

When the cops came, they found the dignified drunk still at the door, and the frightened victim inside still clamoring for release.

"Very well," said the dignified inebriate to the sergeant. "If you ask it, I shall move aside. But this man has no manners, no manners at all. And I thought it was my duty to teach him."

And with unruffled dignity he went back to look for his train.

From *Along the Way* (N.C.W.C.) by Daniel A. Lord, S.J. (23 Jan. '42).

City of Desolation

By EILEEN BIGLAND

Condensed from a book*

I asked an airport official in Chungking if there was a hotel. He shrugged his shoulders and wandered away. I walked up to the German merchant, "Where are you staying?"

He drew himself up. "With friends. And let me tell you, Madam, I am the good man, the family man, you understand?" Even in Chungking I laughed at the outraged expression on his face.

Then one of our fellow passengers tweaked me by the arm. "Go to the French Catholic Hospital," he whispered. "The nuns are very kind, they will let you in."

We set off, he with his kit slung over his shoulder, I with case and typewriter. In Kunming it had been pleasant summer weather except for frequent storms, but here a brazen sun beat down out of a cloudless sky, blistering my back, making my head swim.

We reached a long high wall, and the Chinese stopped at a little door and pointed. I knocked and a Sister poked her head out. "Please, Sister, may I lodge here for the night?"

She smiled sweetly and invited me to enter, but there was no garden, only a bare dusty yard. "I am sure

Death has a thousand doors to let life out

that the Reverend Mother will let you stay. We have few foreign visitors now and we have patients everywhere, but room will be found."

The Reverend Mother greeted me warmly. Of course I could stay, but she feared all the beds were filled with wounded from recent air raids, so would I mind sleeping in a bath? Walking beside her as she moved soft-footed through the wards, bending over the twisted forms of her patients, speaking gently to those few who moaned, I knew that for the second time in my life I had met a true saint, and impulsively I told her, "I met a White Father in Africa once who was like you."

"There are many of us," she answered gently, and went on to speak of her work in Chungking. For the past year she and the Sisters had labored night and day to help the air-raid victims, the people suffering from the ills which follow exposure, starvation, and shock. "But we have so little room, the people are often afraid to come to us, and there is no money."

Yet she would accept no payment for my board and lodging, saying it was against her rules; but she took

*Into China. 1940. Copyright by Eileen Bigland. Macmillan Co., New York City.

gratefully a contribution, and said, "If you are only staying a few days, there is one thing you can do for me: take a very sick Frenchman down with you to Hanoi when you go. He was brought to us with double pneumonia, but he already had a very bad stomach wound, a relic of the Argonne in 1914, and now his heart has nearly given out. But perhaps, Madam, it is too much to ask of you? Some ladies are worried by illness."

She led me along a corridor, lined with wounded Chinese on either side, to a tiny room. "M. Charles, here is an English visitor."

He was dark and unshaven and terribly thin. Only his eyelids flickered as he welcomed me courteously, but when Reverend Mother told him I proposed to convey him to Hanoi he struggled to sit upright. "You will be an angel from heaven if you do that," he panted. "My wife and two children live in our home at Saigon. I shall recover if only I can reach there."

I talked to him for a short time, but any effort exhausted him and presently Reverend Mother signaled me to depart. "You will see her again later, she will not run away."

Back in the corridor she sighed, "Perhaps it is wrong of me, but I am distressed that we have no time to attend to him properly. We are so short-staffed I can spare nobody to sit beside him."

"Can't I do that?" I asked eagerly.

She beamed upon me. "It would be most kind. Now come along and see your bath and have a little food with me this evening."

As we ate I marveled anew at the courage and humility of this delicately nurtured woman. Our supper consisted of noodle soup, a little tough cabbage and some dry cakes. Our conversation was punctuated by the demands of the patients; every other minute a Sister came in with some request. Such-and-such a drug was getting low, a batch of 20 Chinese who had been hiding wounded in the hills since the last raid had just come in and there was no room for them. Serenely Reverend Mother made light of difficulties, arranged makeshift beds, teased the tired Sisters in her soft voice. But when we were alone for a moment she said, "Now you see what Chungking is like. We can get so few medical or food supplies and the want is terrific."

I went back to the Frenchman and shaved him by candlelight. How he had lived after his war wound I did not know, yet he had done so for 25 years despite severe operations for adhesions. For 12 months he had worked in Chungking for an Indo-China firm. "But I am finished now," he said. "I spit blood and my heart has gone. I tell you, this city is hell upon earth. If I can get back to Saigon perhaps I'll get better."

I did not think he would reach Hanoi. He was 47; he had the wasted body of a man twice that age. If he moved from his bed to a chair, he had a breathless heart attack so fierce that it seemed impossible for him to recover. If he coughed suddenly, he had a hemorrhage.

I was washing Charles the next day when the sirens screamed through the hot air, and first the green and then the red Very lights went up. "What the devil is that?"

He smiled grimly. "You will know in a few minutes. Take my advice and go out. Keep behind the little hill across the field at the back and go on your face if things get too hot."

I had not seen a Japanese raid and it wasn't my war anyway, so I sloped out in Charles' Chinese slippers. Finally I gained the little hill and looked down at the immediate section of the city which consisted of one long narrow street and countless intersecting alleyways. An explosion thundered far to the right, a bomb sent a fountain of flame leaping into the clear air; the Chinese planes circled the city from the west, swerving to avoid pursuit. One pilot, who apparently wished to join his ancestors, climbed above an enemy plane and fired. The plane hurtled down to earth and burst into flames. The clamor was deafening as the antiaircraft guns opened fire, but I forgot personal danger and stared stupidly

at the street. Where the crowd had streamed past just a few moments ago, a line of houses burned furiously.

And all the time death rained out of the sky. I slid on my stomach down that little hill and pressed my face to the yellow dust.

There were two more raids that day within the space of a few hours, and the worst part to me was the fact that one became injured to horror. By late afternoon I was really growing quite fretful with the Chinese because they hadn't the common sense to take cover behind the humpy small hills, but insisted upon herding together in the narrow streets gazing up at destruction.

One morning I trudged through the yellow dust wondering how on earth Charles had lived as much as a year in this fearful city which smelt of death. Burning heat in the summer, bitter cold in the winter, air raids as an accompaniment to life. A Chinese in European dress stopped me. "Madam, could you please assist me? I am a government official and I am trying to discover the nationality and identity of the pilot of a Japanese plane brought down this morning."

What was a little more death? I nodded and followed him across a field to the twisted wreckage of the plane. By some odd chance the pilot's body had scarcely been touched. His neck was broken and his head lay at an acute angle, but otherwise he ap-

peared fairly normal. The official dug his hand into the pilot's pocket and drew out a bundle of letters and a stamped card, which he handed to me. Carefully I looked through them, trying to decipher the cramped handwriting of the letters, most of which were written in French. Presently I handed them back. "His name is Pietro Pavone. He comes from Naples and his card says he is 33 years of age."

But I did not tell the official that Pietro was married a year back to a French girl who obviously adored him, that she was going to have a baby in two months, how she was "so thankful the Japanese are paying you such big money and have promised you shall not fly fighting machines. Every night I pray to the holy Virgin that we shall have a son."

I looked down on Pietro Pavone. A typical Neapolitan, handsome, olive-skinned, with a full amorous mouth. He hadn't wanted to go to war, this Pietro, he had wanted to make a lot of money quickly and take it home to the French wife. But the little yellow men had tricked him—what was a pilot to do so far from home: lose his job or do what he was told? Well, he wouldn't see his son now.

"May I keep one of those letters?"

The official looked shocked. "Oh, no, Madam, they are for our files."

He thanked me for my translation

and I turned back to the hospital. A pity he had not let me keep a letter. I had a fancy to write to that poor small Suzette in Naples and tell her gently about Pietro. And yet, perhaps it was better not.

But I told Charles the story. "He looked serene, Charles, I'd like Suzette to have known that bit."

He smiled. "All that matters to her, poor child, is that her man is dead. She has not visited Chungking like you, has not developed into a connoisseur of bodies. You like your death 'nice'; neat and straight and tidy."

I couldn't sit still for more than half an hour at a stretch. All day I wandered aimlessly about Chungking, taking shelter how and where I could when the air-raid warnings sounded, averting my gaze as much as possible from subsequent sights. Nerves, of course, silly ones at that, but Charles' only alternative topic of conversation did not make me feel any better. Morosely I walked about, kicking up the yellow dust with my feet.

I was speaking to a Chinese soldier when the sirens sounded and he broke into a run, dragging me behind him. "Here, here, under this archway!"

There was another occupant of the archway, a pregnant woman who lay crouched in a heap, her face drawn with pain. "Help me with her," I commanded the soldier, but he shrank back.

"Leave her there, Madam, she is all right."

I believe I called him terrible names. Sweating and gasping I pulled her by the armpits farther under the archway although that really wasn't any good because, if we did suffer a direct hit, we would be killed outright. My hand touched something warm and sticky, and bending down I examined her. From shoulder to elbow of the left arm ran a deep flesh wound, and her right breast was almost severed from her body. She must have been wounded in the last raid and crept under the arch with her last atom of strength.

The lights flared and the guns boomed and once again the menacing drone came from the east. The woman's face was spattered with sweat and her body performed horrible contortions. Very soon now her child would be born. The bombs crashed, the earth shook, I sat cross-legged in the dust and worked as I had seldom worked before. Death was all around us, but it seemed suddenly so unimportant beside the mysterious, awe-inspiring fact of birth. Yet that was ridiculous. Either the child would be an idiot or it would grow up in time for the next war—there was always a next war. And the mother would die; it was a miracle she had lived even a few hours.

The soldier crouched near us, whistling some silly tune which set my

teeth on edge. Abruptly he stopped. "That is the end, Madam. The Japanese are going."

I sat back on my heels and stared at the squirming new-born child in my lap.

Three days later I had a chance to look again at that Chinese child. The mother had died before I could run back to the hospital with the baby to fetch help, but curiously enough the tiny Chinese boy was a lusty creature. I really took quite a vicarious pride in him, and he was the only part of Chungking that I was sorry to leave. "Your plane is delayed then?" asked a Sister, and when I answered that it was not now leaving until the morrow she sighed, "More raids."

"Yes, and for the next one M. Charles must go by sedan chair to the French consul's dugout, otherwise he won't live. His nerves are all to bits and he has had two bad attacks already today."

Her eyes filled with tears. "Ah, I do hope he will be able to reach Saigon alive."

I hoped so, too, very much so. I had grown very attached to Charles and knew all about the wife and children awaiting him in Indo-China; but I doubted greatly if he would stand the journey. However, at the next warning we would have him carried across to that nice deep dugout in the consul's garden. (This dugout has since been destroyed by Jap-

anese bombs with considerable loss of life.)

When the siren sounded again we made a run for the dugout. The stuffy darkness of the place was unendurable. French and Chinese crowded together, sobbing, moaning, yelping in hysteria. "I can't stand this," I whispered to the man next to me and wormed my way to the sandbags protecting the entrance. Wriggling past these, I stumbled up some steps and gained the air. The very wrath of the gods seemed to thunder from the heavens; this was by far the worst raid we had had. Slithering and sliding in my silly, flapping slippers, I made my way down the street, and towards me, tiny fat legs peddling for dear life, came the German merchant on his bicycle! The sweat was pouring down his pallid face as he bumped over the cobbles, but the sight did me an immense amount of good, for I leaned back against the wall and laughed until I cried.

That raid seemed to go on and on. In reality it lasted about an hour. I started to shuffle back to the hospital, a woeful sight in my filthy pajamas. I lost one slipper and couldn't find it, and when I reached the haven of the little door in the wall it was to find a mad rabble of Chinese pouring out of it. Some of them waved towels, others loaves of bread. Some carried cases of medicines and surgical

instruments, others staggered under the weight of beds and mattresses. Open-mouthed, I stood aside and watched the strange procession until it had straggled off down the street and all that remained was the echo of its yells and most of the hospital's cotton-wool lying in the dust.

The Reverend Mother appeared, her beloved face white and haggard. "Poor things, they looted the hospital. They were starving, homeless."

I followed her through the courtyard. The looting had certainly been thorough. Beds had been snatched from under patients, the food stores were completely rifled, the wards looked as if a hurricane had swept them, and the sick men and women clamored to know what had happened. I walked towards my bath and looked for my case and typewriter. The latter was there, safe and sound; the former was not. Frantically I scoured the ward, then the other wards, then the corridors. The staff joined in but not a sign of the case was to be seen anywhere. In it had been securely locked the dollar bills which represented my whole wealth, not to mention half this manuscript and some garments. I stared up at Reverend Mother. "That is that. I hope the money helped them. I still have an air ticket to Hanoi, a passport, five piasters, Charles, and a pair of borrowed pajamas."

Policeman Extraordinary

By MARIUS RISLEY

Hawkshaw streamlined

Condensed from the *Victorian**

As an augury that he was to be a man of the nation and a servant of the people, John Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation of the U. S. Department of Justice, was born, not in any of the 48 states, but in the District of Columbia and the national capital. That was 46 years ago on New Year's day.

Since 1917, when he joined the Department of Justice with a night-school law degree and a brief experience in the employ of the Congressional Library, J. Edgar Hoover has carved a unique career in the annals of public service. He has become a symbol of the inexorability with which punishment follows crime, and he has made criminals look more like saps than heroes. Viewing his work positively, Hoover is even greater in his campaign for crime *prevention*.

The F.B.I. is not the oldest federal law-enforcing agency in the land, but it is undoubtedly the best known, thanks to Hoover's flare for publicity. The U. S. Secret Service men—or T-men, because the Treasury Department employs them—are an older group than the G-men.

Foes of Hoover, and he has them, assert that he is principally a publicity seeker, and that he has even

hindered crime detection by informing the public, including criminals at large, of the techniques used by the F.B.I. to land the lawbreakers. They do not like his widely read articles in popular national magazines, or his museum in Washington where thousands of tourists see the hat Dillinger wore the night G-men killed him, or the exhibits of traps devised to catch notorious criminals.

Whatever his critics may say, the public likes J. Edgar Hoover—and it has reason to. When he entered the Bureau of Investigation at only 22, that nine-year-old department was comparatively little known, little feared by criminals, and its powers were greatly limited. After 25 years' labor, Hoover has made it the greatest detective agency in the world. He directs 531 special agents of the highest quality and training, and holds the applications of hundreds more like them. He has secured for the work of crime detection and prevention an annual appropriation of \$6 million (crime costs the nation \$15 billion annually). Moreover, he has increased the authority of his organization to the point where F.B.I. agents can now make arrests for almost any crime.

Proof of the efficiency of Hoover

*Lackawanna, N. Y. February, 1942.

and his men in cleaning up crime is the almost total wiping out of kidnaping, and the ignominious undoing of such organized outlaws as the Dillinger, Barker-Karpis, and Brady gangs. In addition, the F.B.I. has achieved an unprecedented 95% convictions and pleas of guilty in the cases it handles. Compare this with the average of 35% convictions accomplished by ordinary police.

The F.B.I. chief was schooled by two of the greatest detectives in the history of criminology. From 1919 to 1921 he was assistant to Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer of President Wilson's cabinet. Palmer was seriously mentioned as a presidential candidate to succeed Wilson, and his efforts to curb profiteering brought forth a commendation from even the conservative Cardinal Gibbons. William J. Burns, of the colorful career, and the founder of the world-famous Burns Detective Agency, was Hoover's boss and tutor for several years while Burns was director of the Bureau of Investigation. In 1924, Hoover succeeded Burns and brought the F.B.I. to its present prominence.

But like all great men, who have been dissatisfied with less than perfection, Hoover insists that he has only just begun. His positive program for the prevention of crime reaches out into almost every social agency and especially into the home, school and church. He is convinced that

crime is not wiped out by reforming criminals. In this sense crime is pretty nearly indelible. But it can be aborted before it has been encouraged and nurtured by associations that regard law-breaking as clever.

Hoover has repeatedly warned parents not to let their own selfish pursuit of pleasure defeat the proper rearing of children. No one suffers more than parents when an adolescent boy or girl joins the nation's 700,000 criminals of less than voting age. Old-fashioned family discipline must be restored, he declares, and almost the first lesson any child needs to learn is respect for law and authority—and that law-breaking *always* brings its proportionate punishment.

In the school the same lesson must be emphasized again and again, for it is even more important than reading, writing and 'rithmetic. What good will it do to teach children to write, Hoover has said, if they write their names on other people's checks? Almost every criminal learned the *mechanics* of his crime in school.

Education can and must make parents and children crime conscious. Remember that in the U.S., crime claims a human life every 40 minutes! Remember that a year or so ago our 700,000 youthful criminals were just boys and girls like those who sit at your table. Remember that there are 3½ million active criminals at work in this land of ours and that

any day one of them may bring fear, tragedy and sorrow into your life. Crime is not just an affair between the outlaw and his victim. It touches the families and friends of both, bringing disgrace and misery to scores of persons. Remember that America's annual crime bill of \$15 billion is robbing *your* pocketbook, besides destroying the financial and moral fiber of the nation. Remember that any one of the 4,300,000 persons listed as criminals by the F.B.I. can overnight become an active public menace. This is what it means to be crime conscious: to realize the shameful fact that America is stigmatized as "the most criminal nation in the world."

Before many church and religious groups Mr. Hoover has unhesitatingly declared that the church is the most powerful of all influences for crime prevention. In a letter to the International Council of Religious Education, Mr. Hoover wrote, "I firmly believe that a child raised in ignorance of the principles of religion will more likely enter upon a life of crime than the boy or girl from a religious home." Certainly it seems more than accidental that as church attendance in our country has decreased, crime and immorality have increased.

The anticrime campaign of this militant criminologist also calls for an intelligent political vigilance. We are assisting crime, he declares, as long as we tolerate the politician who protects

crime for votes and who thwarts justice for a rake-off.* If Hoover has his way about it the renegade politician is on the way out.

The third degree is another abuse marked for destruction in the F.B.I. plan for better law enforcement. It is no doubt true, as Hoover has pointed out, that the third degree has served individual officers' revenge more than it has served justice. "Sometimes a microscope is much more practical in finding clues than the sweating of suspects," he has said.

In his opinion, crime would be more easily defeated if the salaries of policemen were raised. It is estimated that a policeman ought to know something about 300 different subjects ranging from ballistics to psychology. This ideal is recognized by the F.B.I. for the men trained in their Police Academy. If all policemen were as thoroughly trained at public expense, the cost would soon be outweighed by the reduction in the amount and cost of crime. No community has a right to expect a capable policeman and pay him only \$75 a month.

The F.B.I. chieftain advocates nothing more earnestly than a civil service for police. He wants policemen in America to hold their jobs only on the basis of merit, not politics, for it is evident that a police force dominated by politics cannot serve justice with equality.

*See p. 45 of this issue.

French Christianity

By GEORGES BERNANOS

Wine from these grapes

Condensed from *Le Glaive de l'Esprit**

The more I get on in years, the more certain I am that a Christian is nothing without Christ, even from a purely human point of view. The unimaginable gift of faith which we have received without having in any way deserved, has this terrible counterpart: that in betraying it we fall lower than the most inferior men, becoming monsters in the etymological sense of the word. If Christians felt this fearful truth profoundly they would no longer be tempted to despise the skeptics and to divide mankind into two parts, the Good and the Bad, placing themselves, of course, among the former. They would understand that the amazing privilege which has been bestowed upon them forbids setting themselves up too easily as judges of those to whom it has been denied. They would especially refrain from having those disinherited brothers butchered by machine guns, on the excuse of honoring Good.

The great unhappiness of this world, the great tragedy of this world, is not that there are atheists, but that we are such indifferent Christians; for I am more and more convinced that it is we who are sending the world to perdition, that is we who are attracting to it the lightning of

God's wrath. What a folly to pretend to justify ourselves by proudly boasting that we alone are in possession of the truth which can liberate and save, while it remains impotent in our hands, or while we remain pitifully on the defensive behind a sort of Maginot line spiked high with prohibitions and inhibitions, as if we had nothing better to do than to guard the law, whereas our natural and spiritual vocation is to fulfill it.

Mussolini once wrote that what he respected most in the Church was that she is "history's greatest conservative force." This is, in fact, the very image of the Church which Caesar has always made for himself, and we know that this image is false. Unfortunately, we know also that many Christians take it to be true. They would readily believe that Christ died solely for the safety of landowners, for the prestige of all high officials, and the stability of governments. I have never been what is so strangely called "a Christian of the left," and I deplore the frequent use of the phrase, "the revolutionary spirit of the Gospel," because the expression is, to say the least, equivocal. I am certainly no anarchist, but I would ask whoever pretends to speak to me in the name

* August, 1941. As translated by Blackfriars, Oxford, England. January, 1942.

of order, first to produce his credentials. My obedience will not be given to all who ask it, I belong to the most ancient, to the most illustrious Christian country in Europe, one which has never received its masters from chance, but direct from the hands of God, in whose name a successor of St. Rémi of Rheims anointed them with the consecrating oil and crowned them.

The present state of the world is the Christians' shame. You say that the world has failed you; it is you who are failing the world. Instead of calling out that the forces of evil are winning everywhere, that paganism is rising again, you would better admit humbly that your Maginot line did not hold, that you have let the front line of Christendom be broken through.

Christian France is not dead; in Christian France probably more than anywhere else there are true Christians of Christendom. What matter that the great betrayal has scattered them! They know what they want, they want the kingdom of God. They will not be satisfied to wait for it, they want it and they will go and seek it. They do not want it only for themselves, they will go and seek it for others; they do not believe that a Christian is bound to work out his own salvation alone, in secret, as misers count their pennies.

Our tradition goes back much fur-

ther than the 16th century. We are the sons of cathedrals—not merely of the opulent churches of the Renaissance, so gilded, so comfortable; those luxurious salons of prayer so suitable for the meticulous examinations of conscience which are directed by professors of psychology with exercises so complicated that one's whole life is spent in tempering and re-tempering a will which one risks never having the time to use for the good of one's neighbor.

Our cathedrals are so lofty and so open that we have learned not to fear the draughts. We take Christianity as we take life—the two are only one—we take it as a risk. We have never wished to be treated as infants; we are free children of God who have the right to eat at our Father's table, even if we happen to break the glasses. We do not first see Christianity as a complicated system full of inhibitions and restrictions. We know full well that the surest way of avoiding evil thoughts is to have good ones, and that self-detachment, so difficult to produce by mental gymnastics, comes easily to him who gives himself to others. We know also that the spirit of poverty will not be lacking in those who love the poor; loving them for themselves, and not for the spiritual profit that may be derived from charity; for surely God invites us to honor and serve them, and not to honor and serve ourselves by mak-

ing use of them. French Christianity knows these secrets—these humble secrets, the possession of which cannot rouse the envy of the sages and the Doctors—they are tools of some-

what rustic shape, but we know how to use them; they are fashioned to our own hands. They are ours as our language is ours, and, if I may say so, like the wine from our ancient vines.



War on "The Black International"

By BERNARD E. LUTZ

Village atheist in a blue wrapper

Condensed from a press bulletin*

It was not without reflection the primate of Belgium, Cardinal van Roey, declared recently that Christ's assurance that the gates of hell would not prevail against His Church "contains no guarantee that the Catholic Church will always be preserved in Belgium, in France or in any particular country."

What is here said applies significantly to our own country where all too many Catholics, influenced by existing official tolerance toward their religion, believe that all is well, even in the face of the growing manifestations of opposition and ill will. For instance, there is the attempt to identify the Church with fascism, especially its more objectionable features.

A concrete example of both the general spirit and the specific charge just referred to is the announcement of a new periodical, *The Black International*, soon to come from the press.

Dedicated to the overthrow of the Catholic Church and promising to tell "the full truth about Catholic fascism," the magazine, scheduled to be issued biweekly for five months and after that monthly, will be published by the Haldeman-Julius Company of Girard, Kan., and edited by the apostate priest, Joseph McCabe.

An examination of the prospectus of the first ten issues, each of which will contain 15,000 words, reveals the intention of the publishers to devote the initial number to "The Vatican's Latest Crime," or "how the Church of Rome joined the world plot against freedom, liberalism and democracy," and how Uncle Sam was duped. Number two will concern itself with the "Red-and-black Pope," showing how "the Pope of Peace traded in blood," and disclosing the "red record of the Holy Father" and how "this Pius XII" lit the flames. Other

*Central Bureau of the Central Verein, St. Louis, Mo. Jan. 30, 1942.

features of this issue promise to expose "his glorious ally, Mussolini, and his yellow brother in Buddha," with special attention to the organizing by the Pope of "the plot in South America."

The third issue plans to treat of the Pope's aid to Hitler in gaining world power, while the fourth is to prove how the Vatican "buries international law." The latter number will enlarge upon the Church's "vile record in Spain" and "the papal cowardice over Ethiopia." Number five is connected with the third issue, as it will relate how Hitler "duplicates the Vatican." Papal intrigue forms the basis of the sixth issue and "the Pope and the Italian jackal" are to be featured in the seventh. Number eight promises to castigate the pious traitors of Belgium and France and expose "the amazing folly of the Catholic bloc." How the "wicked Bolsheviks are to save our Christian civilization" will be considered in the ninth issue, and also how the Vatican "courts" Russia. The tenth number will disclose that "fascist Romanism defies civilization," or how "the Pope helps the plot while the world curses it." Another juicy morsel reserved for this issue is "the restoring of the corpse of the Middle Ages."

The publishers' announcement describes *The Black International* as "a must publication for all persons who want to be in the know." It will be

"devoted to a single theme that is dynamite in the average editor's office." It is of interest to note that each issue will be sent to readers in "plain covers," in itself a revealing circumstance.

Now just who are the Haldeman-Julius Company and Joseph McCabe? The firm, founded by Emanuel Julius and Marcet Haldeman, is perhaps best known for its Little Blue Books, some 1,758 five and 10c pamphlets devoted to studies on sex, attacks upon religion, especially the Roman Catholic Church, and many other subjects. McCabe, an apostate Catholic priest born in 1867 and ordained in England in 1890, abandoned the Church in 1896.

He is considered by Haldeman-Julius an authority on philosophy, psychology, the Catholic Church, theology, rationalism, freethinking, history from the dawn of time until the present, biography, sex and all of its abnormalities, culture, superstition, prostitution, astronomy, government, economics, imperialism, television, evolution, physiology, sociology, geophysics, finance, art, education, psychoanalysis, morality (ancient and modern), marriage, birth control and other subjects. The publishers of the "blue books" written or edited by McCabe regard him as "the world's greatest scholar," and "the world's greatest authority on the Black International." Actually, McCabe is a pop-

ularized of an outmoded rationalism, as it flourished in the 19th century.

What the fate of McCabe's and Haldeman-Julius' *Black International* will be, remains to be seen. But at any rate it is a symptom of the times and one that may not easily be ignored. And it is also significant to note that in recent weeks newspapers such as the *New York Times* and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* have carried anywhere from a full page to three-page advertisements of the Haldeman-Julius Company publications, not a few

of which are morally objectionable.

Preposterous as the charges these men intend to bring against the Church may appear, Catholics had better be warned. To quote the *American Journal of Sociology*, "Under conditions of adversity, tolerance is likely to give way to blind hatred, especially if aroused and directed by organized propaganda." Men looking for a scapegoat are inclined to follow the example of Nero, who blamed the burning of Rome on the Christians and appeased the mob by persecuting them.



Common Mistakes

Loretto for Loreto.
Sienna for Siena.
Middle aisle for nave.
Accommodation for accommodation.
As though for as if.
Would for should.
Commence for begin.
On behalf of for in behalf of.
Damn! for Shucks!

Holy Roodlets (Jan. '42).



Toward Church Unity

Bishop Francis Clement Kelley is undoubtedly one of the great wits of our time. Recently I was told of his visit to a certain important midwestern city where he asked about his friend, the Episcopalian bishop of the town.

"The Episcopalian bishop," said his escort, "is away for a rest. He is having quite a bit of financial trouble in his diocese."

Bishop Kelley looked up in pleased surprise.

"Isn't it amazing?" he exclaimed. "They get closer to us and more like us all the time."

From *Along the Way* (N.C.W.C.) by Daniel A. Lord, S.J. (17 Jan. '42).

Brazil

By ELLEN COLLINS

Heart of the hemisphere

Condensed from the *Sign**

There is a famous Iberian proverb which in substance declares: "A man, not a revolutionist at 18, has no heart; while a man, not a conservative at 45, has no head." This explains much of the history of Spain in America. But of the Portuguese who settled Brazil, one might say that they are an intermediate group of moderates for whom compromise is the most effective revolution. Brazilians are kind, humane, congenial, good-natured, and tolerant. The 5 or 6 million Brazilians of pure Portuguese ancestry cherish a love of culture, a zest for life, notable talents in music and literature, and exceptional immunity from the evil of race prejudice.

The area of Brazil is 45% of South America; her 45 million people are as cosmopolitan a group as you will find anywhere. From the standpoint of mineral and agricultural wealth, the 20 states of Brazil are a veritable horn of plenty. The country has a 4,000-mile coast line; its great Amazon river is the longest in the world. Potential air bases and actual harbor sites stretch from a point north of the equator to the Tropic of Capricorn.

The bulk of the population lives in the tropics or subtropics, while the whole territory of Brazil extends into

the Atlantic east of New York. Natal, perched on the northeast corner of Brazil, lies only 1,600 miles from Dakar in Africa. On the west, the republic is separated from the Pacific ocean by the Andes and a narrow coastal plain.

Brazil is a jumping-off place for every continent in the world. If any country on earth is the hub of a wheel of nations, that country is Brazil. And, if other republics on the continent may claim to be the brains of the Western Hemisphere, the one-time Portuguese colony, with its mixture of Iberians, Indians, Negroes, Germans, Italians, French, British, Dutch, and Slavs may be regarded as the heart of South America.

Recent developments portend Brazil's leadership as the powerhouse and industrial armature of all Ibero-America. The richest iron-ore deposits in the world are available in the state of Minas Geraes. Although some of the mines are now remote from transportation facilities, they will increase in value when the rails, locomotives, and freight cars, already ordered in the U. S., begin to knit together the vast spaces of the continent. Foundries and steel mills are rapidly reaching completion due to the \$25-million

**Union City, N. J. February, 1942.*

loan from the U. S. Export-Import Bank.

In all probability, this is the initial step in an intensive process of industrialization. Since the other Ibero-American republics are predominantly agricultural, Brazil, by laying the foundations of a chain of both heavy and light industries, is bound to play an important role in inter-American economy. Whatever may be the outcome of the European war, Brazil, which from 1930 to 1939 had been the best customer of Germany in the Western Hemisphere, will never again be an important dumping ground for typewriters, aspirin, harmonicas, electrical goods, farm and factory machinery, hardware, or chemicals. All these articles will be manufactured at home.

Brazil is the first Ibero-American nation to emerge from the purely colonial stage. She is no longer merely a producer of foodstuffs and raw materials. While Argentina is still engaged in the large-scale production of cattle and hides, Brazil is building boot and shoe factories. The one-time Portuguese colony is moving right into the lines of business on which in the past the German and Japanese empires enjoyed virtual monopolies.

This competition, except in textiles, is not serious to the U. S. The more highly industrialized Brazil becomes, the more our own country can sell. Many nations make shoes, but only

one, the U. S., produces high-grade shoe machinery. And we make the machine tools that build the shoe machinery. We supply the engineers and technicians who handle it. The same may be said of office machines and appliances.

The attitude of businessmen in other South American republics towards this change may be judged from the following statement of Dr. Edward G. Gagneux, assistant general manager of the Banco Central de la Republica Argentina: "Economists have long dreamed of a world in which the nation best suited to produce a given product would exchange it for goods other nations could turn out more efficiently. We have a chance now to see that the industrialization of South America follows such a pattern, and a small beginning has already been made through agreements we have concluded with Brazil and other neighbors.

"For instance, if one country such as Brazil seems particularly well equipped for the production of iron and steel at reasonable prices, she should be encouraged by neighboring countries to build up the industry. This can be accomplished by agreements providing for preferential tariff treatment for the product when it comes into competition in an adjoining republic with steel or iron from Europe or other parts of the world. In addition, perhaps, the Latin-Amer-

ican countries will work out agreements by which they will impose licensing requirements which will be used to discourage the building of rival iron and steel plants within their own borders.

"In exchange, Brazil would ease the way for the importation into her markets of wheat from Argentina, oil from Venezuela or Colombia, drug products from Peru, and the products of other industries as yet undeveloped in other nations."

It is clear from this and other evidence that the people of Ibero-America, and in particular the finance experts of the ABC powers, are thinking in terms of a hemisphere which will no longer be dependent upon the factories of the Ruhr, the Seine, or the Mersey.

It should be noted that the fresh impetus to industrialization is based upon the motto: "Brazil for the Brazilians!" Heretofore, in Ibero-America, such industrialization as was undertaken was usually under foreign auspices. For example, in Argentina, a rather advanced state, the banks, railways, streetcar lines, power-and-light and factory organizations were largely British owned; the telephones were investments of Swedish companies; many of the big credit and trading corporations were either Italian or German; while the shipping lines were controlled by European and North American interests. Under the

impact of the war economy, many of these interests have been liquidated in favor of local or U.S. investors.

In the present crisis, the most important fact about the administration of President Getulio Vargas in Brazil is that the chief executive has shown himself an implacable foe both of communism and nazism. Best of all, in two out-and-out duels with counterparts of sovietism and fascism he has emerged victorious, with the almost unanimous backing of public opinion.

The followers of Karl Marx made their bid for power in the early 30's, under the impact of the world depression. Skilled agitators from Russia and the U.S. did their best to seize the government. They failed because Vargas was on the alert; nor did he use kid gloves in putting down the subversive movement.

Although the ideal was not always attained, the determined attitude of the government to rectify old wrongs won the support of the laboring population. Today, the Third International in Brazil is merely a shadow of its one-time self; it constitutes no real threat to the stability of the nation.

The fascist *putsch* came in comparatively recent years. In 1937, Plinio Salgado, leader of the Green Shirts (*Integralistas*), boasted that he had 100,000 young Brazilians in his organization. He talked wildly about "assuming authority." His followers

drilled in public, used the nazi salute, and engaged in mass demonstrations. President Vargas, unexcited and unimpressed, simply waited until the movement had stultified itself by the adoption of foreign techniques and then ordered the army to dissolve the Green Shirts. Overnight, the threat to national unity disappeared.

The prominent part the Church is playing in the work of social improvement may be judged from the fact that Bishop Paulo de Torso Campos, of Santos, has founded a social service organization which promises to be widely adopted in South America. He has established a house where the girls of rural districts spend six weeks; here they learn to cook nutritious meals and acquire the best techniques in household care. Classes are held in reading and writing (about 60% of the population is illiterate). The care of babies and young children is likewise emphasized. These maidens, upon their return to their home communities, become the apostles of their respective neighborhoods.

Father Leopoldo Brentano, under the direction of Cardinal Leme of Rio de Janeiro, is trying to establish social centers in every diocese. He is a good organizer and aims to link up health and sanitation teaching with instruction in Christian doctrine. It is his conviction that a national parochial school system would diminish the contrast between the majestic coastal

cities with their opera houses, theaters, libraries and universities, and the neglected hinterland.

It has been the objective in large cities to secure Catholic intellectuals and Christian laborers to pool their resources to obtain satisfactory social legislation. One of the most articulate and intelligent laymen cooperating in this movement is Dr. Alceu Amoroso Lima, editor of the review, *A Ordem*. Protesting vigorously against what he calls the "dehumanization of knowledge," Dr. Lima insists upon an integration of university studies with the actual social and economic problems of the country. "Work and study" is his motto.

One of the strongest bulwarks against totalitarianism is an equitable distribution of wealth and income. One of the leaders in this work is the wife of the president, Mme. Darcy Vargas. She is the soul of every rehabilitation movement in the Federal District. The apple of her eye at the moment is Girls Town, an institution similar to the enterprise of Bishop de Torso Campos at Santos. Mme. Vargas organized a newsboys' home in Rio de Janeiro, housing 200 youngsters. To provide medical care, she opened a sanitarium for working children in one of the attractive suburbs of the capital. She likewise sponsors a model fishing village not far from Rio, where orphan boys learn useful trades. Under her leadership low-cost

restaurants for the people have been constructed in Rio de Janeiro, along with a small-homes project for laborers. In the development of each one of these projects the president's wife insists upon the sanctity of the home and the need for "moral education." Her example is bearing fruit.

Early this year, one of the most advanced ideas in social legislation was put into effect by a decree of President Vargas. This concerns the rights of domestic servants. Cooks, maids and scrubwomen are entitled to form unions under the protection of Brazil's labor laws. They may secure the right to retirement and vacations with pay. Furthermore, they are protected under the Accident Act if hurt while at work.

The matter of severance pay is strictly regulated. After six months, no servant may be arbitrarily dismissed, nor may the servant walk out on the master. Each must give eight days' notice to the other. Employers are required to be civil to their workers, to provide hygienic surroundings, healthy living quarters and good food.

A final and fascinating speculation about Brazil concerns the future. It is reported in Washington that Vice President Henry A. Wallace is deeply interested in a mammoth plan to develop agriculture and industry in the Amazon basin. Rubber once grew wild in this region and both the Brazilian and North American authori-

ties are anxious to renew cultivation of the rubber trees. Rubber growing, in the new scheme of things, would become a long-range defense project. Unfortunately, it takes seven to 15 years before rubber can be harvested from new plantations. But hemisphere defense, it is felt, should be geared to decades, not to months or years. A \$500,000-million or even a \$1-billion loan would provide the basis for diversified farming and industry in Amazonia.

It has been estimated that 200 million people could earn their living in this region. The Baron von Humboldt, one of the most acute observers to visit South America, predicted that the Amazon basin would probably become the central point of a new civilization, one of the richest and most populous centers in the world.

Current discussion of the subject emphasizes the fact that Ibero-America, in order to buy U.S. manufactured goods, must raise its own standards of consumption and increase its purchasing power. Boomtime along the Amazon may be the answer to this prayer. Moreover, air bases in the heart of this territory would form a shield against every hostile approach to the continent. Perhaps Brazil's new industrial development may prove the most powerful factor in Inter-American co-operation and defense. Amazonia, heart of Ibero-America, is one key to the future.

A Lifesaving Tree

Worth its little weight

By R. A. GAYDOS

Condensed from the *Liguorian**

Kapok is not a synthetic product. It comes from the floss from the fruit pods of the tropical kapok tree. Its contributions to civilized life make the Dutch island of Java, where it grows, a matter of profound interest. And apart from the ultimate fate of the island, the war in the Pacific will undoubtedly affect the importation of kapok, which in turn will affect many useful articles to which modern society is accustomed.

The floss called kapok, light in weight, resilient, verminproof and inexpensive, has skyrocketed to popularity in a few years. Almost countless are the uses to which it is put on account of its excellent insulating qualities, its extraordinary buoyancy and its unique natural springiness.

Although kapok first appeared as an important commodity in the commercial world in 1893 at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, it is by no means of recent discovery. Archeological discoveries in Java show that the kapok tree was a friend of the natives as far back as 976 A. D.

When colonists from Holland came to the populous island of Java in the early part of the 17th century they found the natives using for bedding, cushions and similar objects, the ex-

ceedingly light, lustrous floss obtained from tall, gaunt trees growing on the island. The Hollanders also found many uses for the floss but did not export any of it to the mother country until around 1850—probably because it would have taken up so much expensive room in its unbaled form. It was not until 42 years later in Chicago that the unique floss was brought to the general attention of the world.

Considered a new textile fiber, it was at first looked upon as a possible improved substitute for cotton, and even a cheap but satisfactory substitute for silk. The reason for this lay in the fact that kapok has the lustrous sheen of silk and the warmth of cotton. Hence such names as vegetable silk, silk cotton, and tree cotton were given to the floss until further scientific research proved them to be misnomers. It was found that its peculiar properties would prevent its being used in the same way as either cotton or silk. But those same properties made it the perfect material for other important uses.

Kapok is more springy than cotton; it lies in flat layers when compressed, and readily puffs up again with the removal of pressure. It feels finer and silkier than cotton, and is more easily

**Oconomowoc, Wis. February, 1942.*

pulled apart because its tiny fibers do not twist and mat as do cotton and wool fibers. For this reason kapok cannot easily be spun like cotton into cloth.

An examination of kapok floss under the microscope reveals the secret of its excellence. A bit of the floss magnified looks very much like a carelessly piled heap of cellophane straws. Upon closer inspection it can be seen that each fiber in this pile is a straight, hollow, structureless rod which is both smooth walled and transparent. And each fiber is an air-filled cell with walls surprisingly thin in comparison with the large amount of air they enclose.

Chemical analysis shows that kapok consists of about 64% cellulose, 23% pentosan and 13% lignin—the common essential elements of all woody tissues. It is now known that the fiber also contains an unknown amount of cutin. This waxy substance when combined with cellulose produces the compound technically called cutocellulose, known to be highly moisture repellent. Undoubtedly the presence of this compound is greatly responsible for much of nature's success in waterproofing kapok.

Kapok has become the most successful material ever found for life-preserving equipment. It will support in water from 30 to 35 times its own weight. Sixteen ounces of kapok is enough to support a heavy man. A

ten-pound kapok mattress in water will support a 200-pound man lying on top of it; or, since a man in water weighs only about five pounds because of his own buoyancy, the mattress will easily keep 40 men afloat, provided they can get hold of it!

Its advantages over cork are quite noteworthy. It is six times more buoyant and retains its buoyancy almost indefinitely, whereas cork becomes waterlogged and useless within three or four days. Naturally, there is no bruising or chafing of the body by the light, soft, kapok preservers.

Vests filled with kapok are required equipment in the U.S. Coast Guard. British sailors while engaged in dangerous work during the war must wear at all times a specially designed kapok-filled jacket which affords complete freedom of movement together with warmth and safety. Bridge workers, motorboat racers, fishers and hunters are all familiar with the protection kapok offers. Cautious mothers put kapok stay-afoats on their tiny tots when they go into the water, knowing that no leak or puncture can cause a water tragedy.

Another excellent quality of kapok is its immunity from vermin and rodents. Besides having a bitter and disagreeable taste, the fiber is absolutely lacking in nutritive elements. This is a highly valuable quality for any filler used in mattresses, upholstery, or as building insulation.

Recently, kapok has come into wide use as an insulator. Its resistance to heat and cold is very high not only because each of its fibers is a separate air chamber, but also because of the vast multitude of interstices between the fibers themselves. Its freedom from moisture and its incapacity to support fungus growth have made it popular. It is due to kapok that out-of-season fruit and vegetables are now placed fresh on your table after long trips across the country. Trucks that carry fish, meat, milk, ice cream and other perishables are kapok insulated.

Dr. Picard, in his famous stratosphere balloon flight, used kapok in his balloon cabin. Admiral Byrd took it with him to the Antarctic for use at Little America and the almost-tragic advance base. At the other end of the thermometer, the people of the Orient for centuries have found kapok a means of keeping cool.

Kapok has contributed generously to the advancement of aviation. Experts tell us that it has made comfortable air travel possible by its efficiency in cutting down engine noise without sacrificing weight. In the air-transport business, each pound of dead weight eliminated means \$90

additional revenue yearly. Since 540 pounds of kapok efficiently serve the purpose that would require 780 pounds of the next best insulating material, its use means a saving of 240 pounds of dead weight. At \$90 a pound this is an annual saving of \$21,600 per plane.

In recent years manufacturers have succeeded in producing a kapok batting, thereby making kapok easier to handle and affording it many more uses. Processes for spinning and weaving the fiber are being perfected. A vast new field will be opened when these processes become practical.

Already kapok serves human life from the cradle to the grave. It takes the form of warm and lightweight crib bolsters, toy stuffing, soft-ball centers, sports clothing, upholstery, lifesaving equipment and surgery pads. It is used in automobiles, theaters, broadcasting studios, airplanes and coffins. With the U.S. already consuming more than half of the 30,000 metric tons produced yearly, the little island of Java need never worry about a flooded kapok market. The only worry is that the war may smother the island, and with it the boon it has given to the world.

Advice to the thin: don't eat fast.
Advice to the fat: don't eat, fast.

The National Mutual Benefit News.

Holy Communion in Hawaii

By SPEER STRAHAN

God is closer than breathing

Condensed from the *Commonweal**

Far in the distance towered eternal mountains of green jade; here on the dusty moor the breeze from the gray Pacific was blowing almost a gale, as some 30 young soldiers, bronzed and dusty, knelt in a circle to receive Holy Communion. And while they knelt there Congress was declaring war. Yesterday there had been dead men stretched upon these fields, others now lay dying in hospitals. The chaplain went about ceaselessly hearing confessions and giving Holy Communion, visting little groups by the roadside, penetrating thickets where men were guarding or preparing gun positions. He made his way to distant positions along desolate shore lines, for who could tell when death might again appear in the sudden skies, or over the rim of this peaceful light-filled ocean?

So this one group, of many, had come to confession to the chaplain leaning against the trunk of a low sweeping tree. As many national strains almost as there were soldiers, might be seen among them: Germans from Ohio, Poles from Pottstown, Weehawken and South Bend, a quiet, dark Frenchman from Louisiana, a Hungarian from the shadow of the George Washington bridge, Ukrain-

ians from the coal regions of Pennsylvania, a Catholic Chinese from San Francisco, and (you will meet them, for their spirit has filled the whole earth) accents authentic of Flatbush or the Sunnyside yards. Feeling that the lengthening line of penitents might prove wearisome to those who had already finished their confessions, for not all soldiers are filled with heroic patience, the priest did his best to hurry. But they would not be hurried; this might be their last confession. Therefore it was midafternoon before the long line had been heard.

Next, the Blessed Sacrament was brought from the chaplain's car, not in an ordinary pyx but in a parish ciborium. The men formed naturally, and all knelt down. One of their number began, and all joined in the acts of faith, hope and love. Then, the Latin prayers said, the priest went down the line, placing the Living Bread upon the tongue of each, and as he did so, it seemed to him that until now he had never understood why the Church said, "*Custodiat animam tuam in vitam aeternam.*" What better guard than Christ! Then Communion being done, the men recited the Our Father and the Hail Mary together, pausing slightly after every

*386 4th Ave., New York City. Feb. 6, 1942.

phrase, as if to make it a more intimate part of their consciousness. Then the priest lifted the ciborium with its Sacred Weight, blessing them solemnly and silently with It, before returning to the car.

Afterward he came back to shake hands, to inquire their names and home towns (what man is not flattered if by chance you know something of his home town!) and they were names as fragrant of the rich and varied racial strains of America, as a vat is spicy with remembered vineyards. "Father, will you write my mother a line? Here is her address, and please tell her I made my confession, and went to Holy Communion." "Father, will you do that for me, too?" "Father, have you got a medal?" "Father, will you send a money order home for me? They need it, and I've helped them so long, I wouldn't want to disappoint them now." "Father, when will you come and hear our confessions again?" And a latecomer, making his way through the little crowd, "Father, I missed out. Would you mind hearing my confession, please?" Before they returned to their work they stood there, in little knots, not so much talking as communing with one another, and with their Lord whom they had received. One thought what a fair image of the mystical Body this small group was. The words of St. Paul came back to him, "The bread which we break, is it not fel-

lowship in the Body of Christ?"

How many others had come those dark, sad days, "asking the Body of Jesus." One gave Communion in the chapel at night, with neither bell nor candlelight, to men going on guard in lonely, dangerous positions. Another morning the entire Catholic contingent of an outfit, some 40 in number, received Holy Communion together, and at their head was their battery commander, a brilliant young West Pointer, a Pole from the Middle West, who knelt facing the great mess table upon which a white cloth had been spread, and where between lighted candles rested the Bread of Angels.

For an hour and a half in another place, one heard confessions on a railroad track. Again, along a stretch of lovely seacoast the men were busy at what these dark ages call a bomb shelter. After the Catholic boys had received Holy Communion and gone; after the Protestant lads had been given Testaments, and the priest was preparing to leave, there came a young sergeant, one of the "spring lambs," as priests say. When at length he had received, and the chaplain was blessing him with the ciborium, he saw that the boy was fighting to keep back the tears. When it was over, the soldier rose, and, as the priest turned away, he leaned over the wall of sandbags toward the sea, and burst into a happy sobbing that nothing could

control. Wherever one went, it was always the same. They laid aside their rifles, or stopped their work. One of them went to call the other Catholic boys in the neighborhood. A few moments later they were all kneeling, again in that circle that somehow made one think of the Host Itself.

Why mention the one youngster in the hospital, frightfully burned, yet who in the agony of his pain kept trying, trying to join his bandaged hands in an attitude of devotion, as the priest prepared to place the Host upon his tongue. Or the soldier (little

more than a boy) who begged, "Father, let me go to Communion tomorrow, it's my birthday." And the next morning, fresh from Holy Communion he was wheeled into the operating room for what seemed only a slight ordeal, yet he died upon the table, and the priest, hurriedly summoned, had just time to anoint him with the single unction upon the forehead, as he breathed his last. And as he lay peaceful in death, "breast to breast with God," one noticed on his left shoulder there was tattooed the one word, *lucky*.



Code Simplified

To meet the intellectual equipment of the aborigines of South Queensland, Australia, the Pallotine Fathers translate prayers and instructions into pidgin English. Here are the Ten Commandments, as the new-won pagans learn them:

1. Man have um God one fellow no have um 'nother fellow God.
2. Man no swear.
3. Man keep Sunday very good, day belong Big Master.
4. Man very good 'long father and mother belong him.
5. Man no kill.
6. Man no take "Mary" belong 'nother fellow man.
7. Man no steal.
8. Man no lie 'long 'nother fellow man.
- 9 and 10. Man see good fellow something belong 'nother man he not want um all the time.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart (Feb. '42).

About a Block Away

Yet never alone

By BISHOP FRANCIS X. FORD

Condensed from the *Field Afar**

The age of science, which crowded the workers into factories, killed vegetation with its fumes, fouled the streams, and made the westerner a shoe-clad animal pounding asphalt pavements, has left its blight for the coming generation to remove.

The mayor parades a cow through the slums to teach city youngsters the source of milk; Boy Scouts, by rubbing sticks, get perhaps their first glimpse of elemental fire; it takes a total eclipse of the sun to lift the gaze of many persons above the roofs; and the wind and rain and the smell of earth are ousted from boyhood consciousness and are seen as changelings in the sooty grime of a dusty street.

China with its bewildering millions has never lost its human rights. Marco Polo in the Middle Ages marveled at the spaciousness of China's streets. Though today only a few cities like the former capital merit such extravagant praise, yet in the average Chinese city the street is for pedestrians. Nowhere is man less important than mere traffic and pigs and hens.

But apart from the natural outdoor life in China, every city dweller keeps close to country life. A block or two away, the country begins—not as a dump for tin cans and ashes, but

genuine fields where each household grows his vegetables. Every tin-smith and cobbler keeps a chicken or two in his shop to eat the scraps left over from his meals; the average family can feed a pig frugally on the odds and ends that otherwise would be thrown away; the richer the man, the less anxious he seems to waste this profit, so that it can be confidently asserted that there is at least one pig hidden in every house. In fact, the Chinese word for "family" is made up of two characters signifying "a pig under a roof."

In the spacing of its houses, China has several pointers for the West. Eighty per cent of the Chinese are still farmers, and a nation that can keep its farmers has solved a problem that has stumped the West. Perhaps one of the main causes of China's success is the spacing of her houses. Farm life in the western U.S., at least before the days of airplanes and radios, was lonely and isolated: the growing generation had to go afield for companionship; the older folk had to resign themselves to lonely vigils; help in the emergencies of sudden sickness or death was out of reach; stout hearts were needed in the womenfolk; men grew taciturn for lack of friends to

*Maryknoll, N. Y. February, 1942.

converse with. Such an arrangement has always been alien to the Chinese, and almost inconceivable. They have established themselves as farmers for 40 centuries, without the drawbacks that have desolated some American farms, simply by spacing houses.

Chinese farmers build, it is true, in the valleys near their crops, but they group houses into a village surrounded on all sides by common fields for grazing grounds, and hills to supply firewood. Such villages have artificial ponds well stocked with fish, and usually temples and schools. Fifty or 100 boys call to one another from their doorways and need seek no pleasure in a distant town; twoscore women do their washing at the brook, and their chatter is as lively as the stream; thin-blooded, old cronies sun themselves in company and forget the aches of age while minding great-grandchildren; the village is alive and united.

Give any man 100 friends with whom he can work as an equal; let him be owner of his time and fields; and he will not go afar off to strangers for his pleasure. The Chinese have actually reversed the western concept: the village to them means home and friends, and the city is a hostile exile.

The problem of American city life will not be solved by spacing the houses, but by spacing the inhabitants. Mere spacing of homes will only beget in the city the disadvantages of

country isolation. Man is a gregarious animal, but endowed with a will to choose his own companions. Granted congenial companions, he can be at home in a crowded monastery where life is lived very much in common. Isolated from companions, only the rare man is content in a large mansion with an exclusive park. The mere separation of houses simply drives the younger generation to their cars.

China has solved this problem by recognizing it as purely psychological. In both city and country she has joined the houses compactly into groups, but she has practiced for centuries what modern architects recently discovered as "zoning," that is, restriction to exclusive groups with common interests. In Chinese villages no stranger may buy a house or erect a new one in the midst of others. The community is exclusive, and yet sufficiently diversified for all tastes; the individual retains his own possessions, but his share in things in common prevents isolation and provides mutual help.

Such exclusiveness without isolation is harder, of course, to obtain in the city, but here again China has met the situation, though not in the settlements developed by foreigners in the ports. In any city older than a century, the city houses are actually miniature duplicates of village life. The main rooms of the sprawling home are common to everyone in the

house, and they usually consist of three large rooms divided by courtyards; on either side of these are series of rooms in groups of three or four, which are private apartments.

Naturally, only one family lives in such a house, but a family made up of married sons and their married sons, a replica of village life on a smaller scale. As quite a community pools its housing needs, the resulting economy permits of spacious courtyards and sometimes an imposing main gateway. When all the common rooms are thrown open to friends on special occasions, an unpretentious

family of limited means can easily accommodate several hundred visitors in its parlors. In other words, the home becomes the focus of the social activity of its members and all their friends.

Until we recognize that the housing problem is a spiritual need and not merely physical, that the family must seek again a common life and draw its strength from diversified but common interests by spacing and zoning and not by isolating lonesome souls, we but increase the evils of empty houses and crowded places of amusement.



Flights of Fancy

He tipsied home.—*Mary Wilfrid.*

Informal as a pinch.—*Sister M.M.*

A stout woman jellied past me.—*Joan Quilty.*

There are sacraments for sin but none for lukewarmness. — *F. W. Faber.*

As impossible to be nominally Catholic, as to be nominally drowned.—*Ruth de Menezes.*

He was easily satisfied with the best.

I had so wonderful a time I envied myself.—*Edward Doherty.*

An ounce of statement and a ton of insinuation.—*E. J. Edwards, S.V.D.*

Her hand lay clenched upon her waning patience.—*Marguerite Steen.*

A squirrel scalloped across the lawn and undulated up a tree.—*M. Eleanor Fennessy.*

[Readers are invited to submit figures of speech and other well-turned phrases similar to those above. We will pay upon publication \$1 to the first contributor of each one used. Exact source must be given. Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

I Believe in God

By ROBERT A. MILLIKAN

Scientist's credo

Condensed from *Scribner's Commentator**

It seems to me that everyone who reflects at all believes, in one way or another, in God.

From my point of view, the word atheism is generally used most unintelligently, for it is to me unthinkable that a real atheist should exist at all.

It seems to me as obvious as breathing that every man who is sufficiently in his senses to recognize his own inability to comprehend the problem of existence, to understand whence he himself came and whither he is going, must in the very admission of that ignorance and finiteness recognize the existence of a Something, a Power, a Being in whom and because of whom he himself "lives and moves and has his being."

That Power, that Something, that Existence, we call God.

I am not much concerned whether I agree precisely with you in my conception or not, for both your conception and mine must, in the nature of the case, be vague and indefinite. Least of all am I disposed to quarrel with the man who spiritualizes nature and says that God is to him the Soul of the universe; for spirit, personality, and all of those abstract conceptions which go with it, such as love, duty,

beauty, exist for you and for me just as much as do iron, wood and water. They are in every way as real for us as are the physical things which we handle. No man, therefore, can picture nature as devoid of these attributes which are a part of your experience and of mine, and which, therefore, you and I know are in nature.

If you, then, in your conception, identify God with nature you must perforce attribute to Him consciousness and personality, or better, super-consciousness and superpersonality.

You cannot possibly synthesize nature and leave out of it its most outstanding attributes. Nor can you get these potentialities out of nature no matter how far back you go in time. In other words, materialism as commonly understood is an altogether absurd and utterly irrational philosophy, and is indeed so regarded, I believe, by most thoughtful men.

Without attempting to go further in defining what in the nature of the case is undefinable, let me reassert my conviction that everyone who is sufficiently in his senses to recognize his own inability to comprehend the problem of existence bows his head in the presence of the nature (if you so desire to call it—the God, I prefer

*Lake Geneva, Wis. January, 1942.

to say) who is behind it all and whose attributes are partially revealed to all of us, and increasingly so revealed as our knowledge grows. It pains me as much as Lord Kelvin said it did him "to hear crudely atheistic views expressed by people who have never known the deeper side of existence." Let me, then, use the word God to describe that which is behind the mystery of existence and that which gives meaning to it.

I think you will not misunderstand me then when I say that I have never known a thinking man who did not believe in God. I should like also to add another paragraph taken from my essay on "New Ideas about Values," found in a book entitled *Time, Matter, and Values*:

"I do not see how there can be any

sense of duty, or any reason for altruistic conduct which is entirely divorced from the conviction that moral conduct, or what we call goodness, is somehow or other worth while, that there is Something in the universe which gives significance and meaning, call it value if you will, to existence; and no such sense of value can inhere in mere lumps of dead matter interacting according to mechanical laws."

Job saw thousands of years ago the futility of finite man's attempting to define God, when he cried, "Can man with searching find out God?" And, similarly, wise men ever since have always recognized their own ignorance and finiteness and have been content to stand in silence and in reverence before Him.



Gesture

At Camp Robinson, Little Rock, Ark., a group of Jewish soldiers asked that they be allowed to remain on duty during the Christmas holidays to permit more Catholic and Protestant soldiers to spend the time with their families. From Camp Robinson the movement spread to camps, navyyards and hospitals all over the country. Said Maj. William T. Brundick, Protestant chaplain at Fort Dix, N.J., to the Jewish soldiers there, "Protestant and Catholic soldiers at Fort Dix are touched by the news that hundreds of Jewish soldiers here have voluntarily decided not to ask for Christmas furloughs in order to make it possible for a maximum number of Protestants and Catholics to be with their families on Christmas. Our sincere thanks to you."

America (10 Jan. '42).

Fifty-six Billion Dollars

By RICHARD E. MULCAHY

Condensed from *America**

Wanted: experienced ledger-deminist

Fifty-six billion dollars in the 1942-43 fiscal year, over \$1 billion a week, to pay for a new plane every four minutes, a tank every seven minutes, plus ships, ammunition and guns, is the Secretary of the Treasury's chief worry these days.

It would be no trick to meet this staggering bill, if the Treasury were able to collect in taxes half of the annual income of every citizen. The national income for the 1942-43 fiscal year is estimated at \$100 billion or more, let us say at \$110 billion; if the government could take half of each citizen's income, it could raise \$55 billion.

But this oversimplified method has some obvious difficulties. To take half of Henry Ford's or Louis B. Mayer's income would not cause them much inconvenience; they would still have enough money left for a few cigars or a couple of yacht rides. But if John Doe were to lose half his wages, it would probably mean that his wife and kiddies might miss a few meals or have to go without coal next winter. To lose \$750 when one has only \$1,500 to start with is a much greater loss than to have to give up \$250,000 out of an initial \$500,000. For these reasons, a general proportional income

tax would violate the first fundamental principle of taxation: the sacrifice demanded of each citizen must be equitable.

Even a graduated income tax would hardly solve the problem. Though it would be more equitable on the principle of ability to pay, it would have the undesired effect of discouraging investment at a time when the nation needs the cooperation of capital to produce war materials.

A general sales tax has the same weakness as the general proportional income tax, for it places a relatively greater burden on the poor than on the wealthy; while a heavy tax on corporation profits, like the graduated income tax, discourages investment.

These difficulties, in any plan to finance the war budget entirely by taxes, have been foreseen by the administration, for according to its recommendations to Congress only about \$23 billion of the vast military bill should be raised in this way.

This introduces a new problem. After payment of taxes there will be left in the hands of the consumer the difference between \$23 billion and the estimated \$110 billion national income, or \$87 billion. With half the annual production of goods and serv-

*329 W. 108th St., New York City. Feb. 7, 1942.

ices turned over to the government for war purposes, there will remain for the consumer only \$54 billion of goods and services to be purchased with \$87 billion of money. The result of such disproportion can only be that the \$54 billion of goods will sell for \$87 billion. This is inflation.

A way to let the people keep some of their money and still restrain them from trying to spend it all for a limited amount of goods, would be to have the excess \$33 billion invested in Defense bonds. This would take the money from the nothing-to-buy consumer and place it in the hands of a government that must buy innumerable ships, planes and tanks. The double advantage of this simple transaction is the reason for the Treasury's heroic effort to encourage the buying of Defense bonds. Despite the present splendid advertising campaign, economists estimate that only \$15 billion will flow into the coffers of the government. Add to this the little over \$3 billion that the Treasury will receive in Social Security payments, which will be promptly invested in U. S. bonds, and there will still remain a need for \$15 billion more.

This \$15 billion, then, will have to be raised by loans from the banks, that is, by selling them Defense bonds. But this is just another form of inflation, for the banks do not give the government actual cash but create a new credit on their books which increases

the amount of money in circulation.

In view of this difficult problem, what can Mr. Morgenthau and Congress do to pay the staggering war bill and still escape the clutches of inflation? They will probably increase the scope of the present price-control program. This simple method, which theoretically should solve the problem, contains several practical difficulties which many economists believe to be insurmountable. To be effective, it must apply to all goods, and, if it does, it will require the supervision of every store and salesman throughout the U. S., a task calling for a vast army of price investigators. And even then there would probably be a great deal of "bootlegging."

Moreover, unless all prices are frozen at their current levels, which were not arrived at scientifically, various individual items must be repriced from time to time on some sort of cost basis or priority need. This, again, will call for a large staff of statisticians; and will require constant vigilance against powerful lobbying activities. If all prices were frozen, it would mean that the economic incentive of profit, needed to stimulate the necessary increased production of certain war products, would disappear. For example, if more copper is needed, either a price boost can be inaugurated for copper in general, or a subsidy (as is now actually being done) can be paid to high-cost producers to enable them to

operate their more expensive mines.

Another solution which will probably be applied is the familiar "Keynes plan." It aims to withhold a part of every wage envelope and dividend check and plans to invest the proceeds in a special type of savings bond. Soon after the war the bonds would be redeemed and the money returned to the public. This is sound, for it takes money from the consumer now when there is very little to buy with it, and restores it to him after the war when there will be a great need for just such a cushion to replace the no-longer-necessary government armament expenditures. Though similar to a tax, it is not as unpopular, for people realize that they are not losing anything, but merely being forced to save. Incidentally, the proposed increased Social Security payments are just another form of compulsory saving.

It probably has already been observed that, with the exception of the \$23-billion tax revenue, no one of these proposals contributes anything to the ultimate payment of the war debt. And this is an important item: for in 1943 that debt will total approximately \$110 billion, and will require an annual interest payment of \$2½ billion.

The soundest way to pay off the war debt would be to continue the present war-tax schedule after the war. But would the public bear willingly in peacetime the heavy tax burden

that they carry so cheerfully in time of war? Would Congress be willing to risk political disfavor by voting such unpopular measures? If the usual post-war slump should materialize, would the same tax program bring in as great a volume of revenue as it does under the various spurs of wartime economy? It is worth remembering, too, that a great deal of this tax money will be needed to meet the current expenses of the government as well as the \$2½ billion in interest charges.

A radical plan proposed by extremists is a special tax on wealth. It suffers from oversimplification. For example, a 20% tax on all the productive wealth of the nation would bring into the federal coffers about \$44 billion. This, however, presents many difficulties. The average capitalist has most of his wealth not in idle money, but invested in buildings, machinery and land. A provision to permit the capitalist to pay his tax over a period of five years might enable him gradually to accumulate the payments out of his earnings. Because the tax is based on wealth owned rather than on income received, it would not have the usual income-tax defect of discouraging investment. But if there is a postwar slump—and most economists believe there will be one—many corporations are likely to go bankrupt in trying to meet their ordinary expenses even without an annual tax of 4% on their capital, which for many is equal to

their total profits in good times.

Another radical plan calls for the government to print a special money issue after the war to pay off the bonds owned by the banks. (It is estimated that in 1943 they will hold about \$55 billion of bonds.) The backing for the money could be the government-owned gold in Kentucky. Such a transaction would save \$1¼ billion annually in reduced interest charges. The chief criticism of this method is that it is inflation. But it is not inflation in the ordinary sense

of increasing the amount of money in circulation, for it would merely replace with government money the bank paper already in circulation.

How or when the war bill will be paid is a question. But there is no question whether the ships, guns, tanks and planes will or should be produced. Even if the nation should be burdened with heavy taxes for years, even if we had to suffer financial bankruptcy, it would be better than having Japanese soldiers on American soil.



Then and Now

We cannot believe that the human race has deteriorated since the Middle Ages. In that dark and backward time young men went to universities at 14. They read books and studied subjects that are far too hard for university professors today. They did it because it was expected of them. The university was not a nursery school, or a club, or a body-building institute. It was a place for the training of the mind. At 14 you were presumably ready to train your mind.

Our assumption is that young persons of 18 have very little mind, that they don't want to train what they have, and that it doesn't make very much difference whether it is trained or not. Our object is to keep them out of harm's way for four years, to let them learn how to get along with people, and then obtain contributions from them to the Alumni Fund for the rest of their lives. Since our students have lived up to our expectations, we have succeeded in postponing maturity to a date undreamed of in the Middle Ages, or even in Europe today. The American college senior is two or three years less grown up than his French or British contemporary. In ability to use his mother tongue and the other instruments of intellectual operation he does not at all compare with them.

Robert Maynard Hutchins in *Harper's Magazine* (Oct. '41).

Women Under the Nazis

By HEINZ SOFFNER

Beasts, men and gods

Condensed from the *Independent Woman**

At dawn, on a misty November day, standing erect before the shallow grave that she herself had been forced to dig in the snow-covered meadow somewhere in nazi-occupied Poland, Marya, an elderly Polish cook, met her death from a nazi firing squad. Her crime? When her employer, a German doctor, left the house, she used to turn on his radio, listen to the free Polish broadcasts from London, and pass on the news to her fellow countrymen.

Two Belgian women have been executed because they helped RAF flyers to escape. In Yugoslavia many women, suspected of cooperating with the dreaded guerilla fighters, the Chetniks, have been killed. Many more unknown victims in almost every part of Europe have been shot, hanged, or beheaded in secrecy. And who counts the thousands of women dying everywhere under the iron heel of Hitler's war machine?

They fell, machine-gunned by the German *Luftwaffe*, as they fled panic-stricken along the overcrowded highways of Belgium and France. They have died, deprived of food and medical supplies, in the ghettos of Poland where the nazis herded hundreds of thousands of Jews from all over Eu-

rope. They are perishing by slow starvation in all of the nazi-ruled territories. And they are being methodically slaughtered by the thousands in the devastated towns and villages of invaded Russia.

In every war, women have suffered the loss of husbands, sons, and fathers; have endured hunger and diseases. In every war, women have had to carry on at home, while the men fought; have had to take care of the wounded, the crippled, the orphans. But in the present total, world-surrounding war, women's part has become bigger and harder than ever before.

Thousands of women are among the workers, from all European countries, forced to drudge for Hitler's war machine in Germany. More than 5,000 women workers were recruited from Belgium alone. They could not find work in their robbed home country; they were denied unemployment relief if they refused to go to Germany. Some of them had husbands or sons as prisoners of war there—what could they do but "volunteer" for work in Germany?

Even more brutal pressure was applied in Czechoslovakia: 22,687 Czech women workers were deported to

*1819 Broadway, New York City. February, 1942.

Germany in the first four months of nazi occupation! Polish girls were more or less forcibly transferred to domestic service. Any friendly attitude toward them on the part of a German family is severely punished by the nazis.

All over Europe, on the deserted boulevards of Paris and before neat brick houses in Oslo, along the silent canals of Amsterdam and in the ancient squares of Prague, hundreds of thousands of women daily stand in line for hours for a loaf of corn bread, a slice of meat, a bit of sugar, for almost every commodity that can still be bought.

Clothing is scarce; the Norwegians have had to surrender even their blankets for the benefit of the German armies in Russia. Rations are insufficient. Norwegians, for instance, are allowed half a pound of bread and $1\frac{1}{3}$ ounces of butter a day, 7 ounces of sugar and $\frac{1}{3}$ ounce of coffee per week. They do not get enough fish, although Norway is Europe's No. 1 fish country. And in the Netherlands, famous for her cheese, people cannot get cheese.

Slow death advances everywhere within the orbit of the swastika. Belgium, with its 8 million inhabitants, counted in the first year of nazi occupation 14,000 fewer births, but 16,000 more civilian deaths than during the preceding year.

Norwegian fish, Holland cheese,

French grain, Czech sugar and Polish meat are used to feed the nazi armies or shipped to Germany. The average German, however, while undoubtedly better fed than most people in the conquered territories, is far from being satisfactorily supplied. For the nazis transform a large part of the stolen foodstuffs into war implements. They make fats into nitroglycerine or lubricating oils; milk into plastics; grain, potatoes and sugar into alcohol (fuel for machines, solvent for high explosives). Guns instead of butter!

Only a small minority of nazi women leaders, like their male superiors, enjoy warfare as the "highest accomplishment of the Aryan race." Barely 50,000 among the 40 million girls and women in Germany are the privileged members of the *Nationalsozialistische Frauenschaft* (women's auxiliary of the nazi party). The others are merely the more or less willing tools of Hitler's war machine.

The *Reichsfrauenführerin*, for instance, has no voice in nazi party direction. Last October, an "international women's meeting" convened in Berlin, to give the pro-nazi and pro-fascist women's groups of the subjugated countries new instructions. Frau Scholtz-Klink was allowed to preside over that gathering; the keynote speeches, however, were made by Dr. Ley and other men.

Discrimination between men and women is revealed in little incidents,

as well. Last November, tobacco had to be rationed: the men are entitled to six cigarettes daily, but the women are restricted to only three every other day!

The war effort forces the nazis to admit a certain number of women into managerial and professional positions. The number of girl university students, which had dropped from 19,400 in 1932 (the last year before Hitler) to 8,500 in 1939, suddenly increased again to 15,000 in 1940 and 20,000 in 1941.

The nazis particularly need women as "social wardens" in factories (1,600 of them are employed at present); as subaltern commanders for the Girls' Labor Service; as supervisors in war factories with large numbers of women workers; as sports trainers in factories to maintain and increase the efficiency of the working women; as social workers in the nazi welfare organizations; and as office workers with the armed forces, especially for the extensive administrations of the occupied countries.

Nazi "welfare," however, includes quite a few strange features. Unmarried girls, for instance, are being questioned as to why they do not marry and bear children; young couples who do not report the birth of a child within 18 months after their wedding, are also reminded of their duty toward the fatherland. Such "high-pressure" methods brought about an in-

crease of 12,000 births in the war year 1940 over 1939.

The nazis are encouraging illegitimate births by truly amazing methods. The nazi Elite Guards (S.S.) established the *Lebensborn* (well of life), a widely ramified organization operating homes for unmarried prospective mothers. Special bonuses are paid for the same purpose. The nazi Elite Guards even sent out a circular letter, asking the guardists to provide the Reich with children, "regardless of wedlock."

At the same time, the nazis are also busy increasing their supply of "human raw material" from the occupied countries, at least insofar as girls of "Nordic" or "Aryan" race are concerned. Reichscommissioner Seyss-Inquardt in the Netherlands decreed for that purpose that minor Dutch girls can marry German soldiers without the authorization of their parents. Attempts in that direction are not very successful, because most of the girls in the occupied countries do not want to mingle with the invaders, or are boycotted by their countrymen if they do so.

Since many Norwegian girls who associated with German soldiers were spanked or had their hair cut off by patriotic Norwegians, the German authorities decreed last September that those girls, if they expected a child, could obtain free care and maintenance for one month before and one

month after the birth, provided they agreed to give the child to German authorities, and themselves move to Germany and enter employment there.

Four-hundred thousand German women are air-raid wardens. At the same time, severe sentences against women violating the air-raid precaution regulations are frequent. More than a million women serve as volun-

teers for the nazi welfare organizations, whose facilities are greatly strained by large-scale evacuations of women and children from the bombed areas of northern and western Germany to Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland and even to Norway. Those transfers facilitate the wholesale confiscation of the food supplies of the conquered nations.



American Prelude

There are only a certain number of hours in the school day. Many more hours are spent at home. Some hours were formerly passed under the supervision of the church. But, you say, the family and the church are losing their grip. If we want done the things they used to do they must be done in school; school is compulsory.

I venture to suggest that if we wish to restore the family and the church to their pristine vigor we shall not do it by depriving them of their functions. One reason why they have developed some tendency to anemia may be that we think the school can do what they have done. The school can't. The school's attempt to perform the duties of the family and the church simply means that it will fail in its own proper task and in theirs, too. The way to promote the health of our various social institutions and agencies is to define their responsibilities and hold them to them.

But now the educational system is responsible for everything. More than 300 colleges and universities offer courses in marriage. The *New York Times* reports that some of them cover the subject completely from courtship to divorce. The public schools of Denver have met the challenge of the modern world by such typical courses as these: Orientation to the New School, Boy and Girl Relationships, How to Drive a Car, How to Buy Critically, What It Means to Live in a Democracy, Making Friends, Knowing Oneself, Vocations, and Preparation for Marriage. The teachers of Colorado may feel better about conditions there when they learn that the board of education at Traverse City, Mich., has announced a course in tourist information, which endeavors "to instruct hotel managers, tourist-camp operators, gasoline-station attendants, as to location of good lakes, golf courses, picnic spots, boat liveries."

Robert Maynard Hutchins in *Harper's Magazine* (Oct. '41).

Eire and the War

By VINCENT C. DONOVAN

Condensed from the *Holy Name Journal**

There are weighty arguments for and against Éire's neutrality. But of two facts there can be no question. The first is that not only are the majority of the citizens of Éire in favor of neutrality, but they are congratulating themselves almost to the point of complacency that they are not in the war. The second fact is that not only is Éire most definitely not pro-nazi, but its sympathies are certainly pro-Ally.

It is less a question of Éire's loving peace more than war, and more her tenacious consciousness of her sovereignty. She desires to be deprived neither of her peace nor her sovereignty by the nazis. Neither does she wish to concede to Britain (or to the U. S.!) anything that would lessen that sovereignty. Éire revels in her moral right to determine her own destiny, and wants further recognition of it in settlement of the partition issue.

For centuries there has been friction between the Orange minority and the Catholic majority in Northern Ireland. But since the Special Powers Acts of 1922 and 1933, the situation rivals any situation for which Hitler might be responsible. By these Acts the head of the Northern government has arbitrarily taken all power into his

own hands. This was done in violation of the British constitution, and the conditions upon which the British Parliament incorporated the six counties into the United Kingdom. As a consequence there is political gerrymandering, and economic and religious discrimination against the Nationalistic Catholic majority. (Only in Ulster is there a majority to the contrary.) An armed constabulary, in violation of the law, sanctions these infringements on human rights.

This violation of the purpose and character of the English common law would blaze into armed resistance should Britain or Éire attempt by force of arms to settle the issue. Britain doesn't wish this. And De Valera has said publicly that he knows that force would not be an effective policy. Not only is the artificial border between the six counties and the Free State a geographical monstrosity, but politically it is unjust and unwise. De Valera has rightly said that when one discounts force, only the democratic rule of the majority, with due consideration of minority rights, can justly settle the issue. This is the issue in the war today: the principle of might or the principle of right as the basis of government. Logically, therefore, Éire

*141 E. 65th St., New York City. February, 1942.

asks: how is this a war against dictatorship, and for moral principles of government, when we have such a contradiction of these things in our own land?

More than one citizen of Éire has said, "Until the partition issue is settled, it is useless to hope for further cooperation with Britain in this war." But De Valera has said that even if that issue no longer existed, he would still be for neutrality. Naturally he would not like to see the unity and prosperity so carefully built up these last 20-odd years endangered. Portugal, for example, is of greater aid to the Allied cause as a neutral than as a belligerent. Until now she has been better thus for Hitler, too. But when his plans or necessity require, he will violate that neutrality just as he has that of other small nations.

Éire recognizes this danger for herself. De Valera admitted to us that Éire is in danger, and if invaded by Hitler would be finished in 24 hours, despite the gallant defense by her children. The whole question of her neutrality, and of De Valera's dilemma in regard to it, arises from this danger. Is it wise for Éire to remain neutral, and in Hitler's good time, to be blitzed into hopeless defense, and to lose her sovereignty for centuries again? Or should she freely take upon herself the cross of war, and exercise her sovereignty by making it part of the bulwark of the nations against

what the Holy Father says is a common danger, the same everywhere?

The answer so far given justifies an observation that a priest in Dublin made to me: that De Valera (who is responsible for the answer) is an enigma. For while neutrality is at least a negative attitude, there have been positive factors also. It would not be prudent to state all of these positive elements in Irish neutrality. But we can say that at least as far as neutrality permits, Éire is cooperating with Britain. De Valera says that geographically and economically Britain and Ireland stand or fall together. This is why, if he is to make an alliance with anyone, there is no one he'd rather make it with than with England. It explains why even the British admit that the Irish ports have never been better watched. The figures, given by De Valera himself, of the Irish in the British forces, also offer eloquent testimony to this. There are 170,000 from the South, and 35,000 from the North in the British armed forces. In addition, hundreds of women, as well as men, are going from Ireland to England daily to work in plants and factories—chiefly because of lack of employment in Ireland. This is why the reality of an official message given to me for the people of the U. S. by the secretary for external affairs can be appreciated. He said, "Tell the people of the U. S. that we and the British are getting on all right."

Both he and De Valera said, however, that they had begged the British to arm them, that the Irish would defend Ireland better than anyone else. At the time I asked the British high commissioner in Dublin about this, he said, "We haven't had the arms for ourselves. But if we were able to give them to the Irish and we, in a crisis, took over the Irish ports for Irish as well as allied defense, the Irish would look on that as invasion, and turn our own arms against us." The Irish admit this even in regard to us Americans. In fact, when I asked De Valera what would be his attitude towards an Irish-American alliance, whereby we would give Éire all she needs, and protect her, using her ports as part of that protection, he said it would be a violation of Éire's sovereignty. He had already said that in case of a German invasion, the government of Éire would send an S. O. S. to the British. We would probably receive an appeal, too. The British or the American response to such an appeal would not be a violation of sovereignty, yet a freely made alliance would be.

Neutrality has, at least, its temporary compensations, however, because life in Éire is as gracious as ever; this despite complaints about the lack

of things. The problem of fuel, at least in the cities, is grave. White bread is at a premium because of the shortage of wheat.

As always though, it is, "Ireland, the tear and the smile in her eye." There is at the moment the tear engendered by the sacrifices necessary to an Ireland almost alone in a warring world. But there is the smile of her traditional courage. Sometimes that courage has been manifested in battle. Oftener it has been the courage shown in tenacity to principle. Éire holds to her sovereignty by neutrality. Yet she is still, through her sons, on the battle line. The best illustration of this was an incident related in the *Outpost* and quoted by the *Saturday Evening Post*. An American journalist, crossing from England to Ireland, asked of an athletic young Irishman in civilian clothes, "Why don't you Irish let the English use your ports?"

"We hate the English!"

"Well, whom do you wish to win, Germany or England?"

"England, of course!"

"What are you doing about it?"

"I'm the pilot of an English Hurricane!"

This is Éire and the war!

An American and an Englishman were arguing about the authorship of the tolerant saying, "We cannot expect old heads on young shoulders." The American claimed it for P. T. Barnum. "No," said the Englishman, "it was a favorite expression with Henry VIII."

Douglas Woodruff in the *London Tablet* (3 Jan. '42).

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Belloc, Hilaire. *Essays on Places*. New York: Sheed. 256 pp. \$2.50.

Charming essays describing some of the many places which the poet has visited.

Blunt, Hugh F. *The New Song*. Ozone Park, N. Y.: Catholic Literary Guild. 152 pp. \$1.25.

Practical thoughts on the eight Beatitudes, with emphasis on their importance in life.

Edwards, E. J. *Thy People, My People*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 251 pp. \$2.

Heart-warming story of a valiant missionary's experiences in the Philippine Islands.

Farrell, Sister M. Xavier. *Happy Memories of a Sister of Charity*. St. Louis: Herder. 190 pp. \$2.

With the zest of youth, a 96-year-old nun recalls incidents in her life and the progress she made in prayer and work.

Holmes, Fred C. *The Voice of Trappist Silence*. New York: Longmans. 114 pp. \$2.50.

Trappists in three monasteries, as observed by a guest.

La Vergne, Yvonne de. *Good Cardinal Richard*. St. Louis: Herder. 235 pp. \$2.25.

Memories and unpublished letters are the materials from which is wrought this fascinating biography of the great leader who was archbishop of Paris from 1886 to 1908.

Maritain, Jacques. *Ransoming the Time*. New York: Scribner's. 322 pp. \$3.

Analyzes current ideologies and points out the importance of Thomism in modern times.

Maynard, Sara. *Princess Poverty*. New York: Longmans. 157 pp. \$2.

Striking account of the friendship and influence of St. Francis and St. Clare of Assisi.

Murphy, Edward Francis. *Hand Clasps with the Holy*. Ozone Park, N. Y.: Catholic Literary Guild. 246 pp. \$1.50.

Interesting facts about 23 popular saints.

Thoonen, J. P. *Black Martyrs*. New York: Sheed. 320 pp. \$4.

Story of the Uganda martyrs, against a background embodying the tradition and culture of the African people.